Modern Novel Writing,

OR THE

ELEGANT ENTHUSIAST;

AND

Intereſting Emotions

OF

Arabella Bloomville.

A RHAPSODICAL ROMANCE;

INTERSPERSED WITH

Poetry.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Vol. 1.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

LADY HARRIET MARLOW.

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.

Pope.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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The

ERRATA.

Vol. 1.

PAGE 49 LINE 8 for *no*, read *not*.

—— 172 —— 7 — *is*, read *are*.

—— 180 —— 7 — *Quis*, read *Quiz*.

—— 242 laſt line of the notes, for *ſhe was very bulky woman*, read *ſhe was a very bulky woman*.

DEDICATION.

To her Grace the Ducheſs of——,

MADAM,

ALTHOUGH the captivating diffidence of your Grace's noble mind forbids me to prefix your name to this dedication, yet when I affirm that to all the exterior charms of perſon, and a lovelineſs beyond compare, you add the moſt engaging and condeſcending manners, joined to the extreme of every human virtue, it will be impoſſible that you ſhould remain concealed:—no, Madam, the obſervant and adoring public will inſtantly diſcover my enchanting Friend and Patroneſs, whoſe greatneſs of ſoul cannot brook even the idea of flattery, but whoſe characteriſtic it is to

'Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.'

As it has been entirely owing to the foſtering ſmiles of your Grace's approbation,

that this little work preſumes to ſhew itſelf to the world, ſo I am emboldened to hope that the enlightened reader will not find it totally deſtitute of merit. I have, indeed, endeavoured to unite correct, delicate, and vivid imagery to an animated moral ſenſibility, and at the ſame time to enrich it by various incident, lively ſallies, faſhionable intrigue, pictureſque deſcription, and, in fine, to mark it with the ſtriking features of a bold originality, without which, no daughter of the Muſes can ever expect to produce that phœnix of literary zoology—a perfect novel.

I have the honor and happineſs to be,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt obliged,

Moſt obedient, moſt devoted

And moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

HARRIET MARLOW.

HYACINTH LODGE,

March 31, 1796.

The
ELEGANT ENTHUSIAST.

Chapter 1.

A RURAL PICTURE.

AT the foot of a verdant declivity overſhadowed by woodbine, jeſſamine and myrtle, and ſoftly inundated by a ſapphire rivulet that wandered through the neighbouring woods in ſerpentine ſimplicity, ſtood the ſweet and elegant retired cottage of Arabella Bloomville. A majeſtic grove of aged oaks nodded in awful and

ſublime ſplendor on one ſide, while abrupt and fantaſtic rocks added dignity to the ſcene on the other. Here in ſpring was heard the melliſluous chorus of the goldfinch, the throſtle, the linnet, the blackbird, the cuckoo, and the woodlark, nor was the melancholy bird of evening ſilent when the ſun hid himſelf behind the weſtern horizon. It was then that the penſive and matchleſs Arabella indulged her tender grief, and ſoftly anſwered with her ſighs to the pathetic melody of the feathered ſongſtreſs. O enviable ſtate of retired competence, how widely different from the turbulent occupations of exalted life, where vanity and factitiousjoys corrode the heart, and robbing it of its native

native captivation, leave us nothing but a blank!

Here the lovely girl would ſit for hours with her bluſhing cheek preſſed upon her lily hand, ruminating on the various diſaſters of her undirected youth, ſo young, and ſo unhappy! and here alſo the cheriſhed miniature of her beloved abſent Henry would prey upon her feelings.

'She ſat, like patience on a monument
'Smiling at grief.'*

Her dear and valuable parents in the grave, alas! the amiable orphan thus left to her own ſad reflection in the very bloſſom of her days, without a

* Shakeſpeare.

friend into whoſe boſom ſhe could pour her deſolating woe; except the faithful Margaret Grimes, who had been the companion of her earlieſt infancy, and who had attended her through every viciſſitude of her uncommon deſtiny. Arabella was but in the firſt ſpring of life, ſeventeen ſummers only had bleached her ſnowy boſom, yet the fatal experience of evil had more than doubled her years; what breaſt but muſt ſympathize with ſuch ſuffering excellence?

Let thoſe feel now, who never felt before,
Let thoſe who always felt, now feel the more.

Here for a moment let us drop the veil of oblivion on ſo deeply intereſting a contemplation.

Chapter 2.

A STORM AT SEA.

HENRY Lambert, was the only ſon of Colonel and Lady Maria Lambert, his Father had ſat ſeveral ſeſſions in the Britiſh Parliament with the moſt exemplary and noble incorruptibility. Now though a rich grandmother on the maternal ſide was but juſt returned from Canada when the Newmarket races began, yet the ancient country ſeat had been completely repaired upon the occaſion, and the captivating diverſion of the chaſe frequently afforded them the happieſt relaxation.

Henry was now in the twenty-fourth

year of his age, and had already ſerved three campaigns with unſuſpected honor, when it ſo fell out, that the ſhip meeting with a moſt tremendous gale on the coaſt of Guinea about two months after his firſt journey to Madrid, the finer feelings of the celeſtial Arabella ſuffered a new and more terrible ſhock, which the lenient hand of time could alone hope to mollify. The original breaking of his collar bone, by the fall from his famous hunter, which had once ſo cruelly alarmed the ladies in the park, was no longer an object of material magnitude, but the execrable idea of thoſe barbarous ſavages, and the innumerable difficulties he might labor under, was indeed a ſtroke which required

required the utmoſt fortitude, and every religious conſideration to combat and ſuſtain. Neither the Colonel, nor Lady Maria, nor even the languiſhing Arabella herſelf had received any intelligence for many weeks, ſo that his gout not returning at its accuſtomed period, the old couple repaired to Bath, where a great number of diſtinguiſhed foreigners were already aſſembled.

The houſe however they had hired on the foreſt was ſo completely out of repair, that the diſtant bells from the village had a peculiar pathos, when the benighted traveller repoſed himſelf in the hawthorn grove. This could not be prevented, by the uſual

operation of foreſight, nor did the howling of the yard dog, during the tempeſt, in any manner decreaſe the general perturbation. Lady Maria indeed who ſlept in the attic ſtory firſt caught the alarm, and ruſhing through the flames, deſcended by a back ſtair-caſe into the garden. The clock ſtruck ONE at the moment, and the awful ſolemnity of the ſcene was horribly impreſſive. Yet but a little while before ſhe might have collected herſelf with propriety, even though the danger had been ten times more imminent, for in all active emergency, nature is prone to ſubſide, and yield the palm to the conſiſtency of power. The expected viſitors not coming the next day, rendered the ſituation of

Lady

Lady Maria ſtill more perplexing, becauſe ſhe had promiſed the Ducheſs and the Miſs Pebleys to meet them at the rooms that very evening.

There is no rank in life exempt from misfortunes, and even the happieſt of mortals have but too much reaſon to complain: from his internal reſources Man can alone hope to triumph in the hour of trial.

Well, all intercourſe for the time was neceſſarily broken off, and Arabella's picture, painted by the immortal Weſt, which hung in the grand ſaloon, having ſuffered the moſt material injury, it was thought adviſeable to wait the reſult of their

laſt diſpatches, and not further improve the grounds till the enſuing ſpring; for as the colonel was far advanced in years, and Henry's taſte had not been conſulted in the affair, it was difficult to aſcertain how long it might be before the wiſhed-for union of the young people could take place. This reflection too often embittered the vernal hours of the blooming Arabella, and thus impreſſed with melancholy ideas, her active mind would frequently call aid from the tender muſe to diſſipate her chagrin. The following ſweet lines may give a ſpecimen of her exquiſite poetical powers.

Sonnet.

Sonnet.

When ſorrow's humbleſt haunts reflect the beam
That patient virtue ſcatters o'er the plain,
No wanton zephyr curls the languid ſtream,
No melting woodlark wakes the warbled ſtrain.

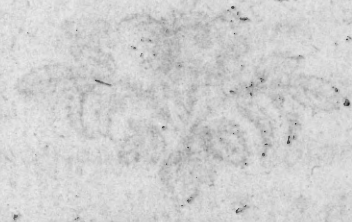
For me, alas! beſet with ſtorms of woe,
Where plaintive ecchoes die upon the gale,
May the ſtill voice of agony beſtow,
The ſofteſt requiem to the ruſtic vale.

O! my lov'd Henry! ſhouldſt thou ever hear
How feebly flows the meditated lay,
While the pale moonſhine gilds the checquer'd ſphere;
Thou might'ſt again the diſtant theme diſplay,
Might'ſt drop th' appropriate plaudit of a tear,
And whiſper ſweetneſs to the charms of May.

By amuſements ſuch as theſe, would the divine Arabella beguile the threatning difficulties, for the youthful mind is almoſt always amiable, while hoary time hardens the heart, alas! two often with the muſcular anatomy. As there was great reaſon to ſuppoſe that the ſyſtem of ethics they had ſtrenuouſly adopted was in fact defective, ſo, Lady Maria, by the advice of the Ducheſs, prevailed upon the Colonel to leave London without loſs of time, for no veſſel could arrive after the monſoons were ſet in. Having paſſed a week in their paſſage with Sir George Darlington, and gone through the vexatious ceremony of a regular preſentation, they fortunately arrived

at

at the aſylum of their hopes, when the fragrant dews of evening were on every ſide ariſing from the ſurrounding lakes.



Chapter 3.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

DURING the ſiege, Henry Lambert particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by that prevailing ſuavity which operates beyond the ſhafts of courage, or even the prevalence of deſpair. Now the commanding Officer's horſe having been killed under him, the whole plan of the attack was immediately changed. and indeed it became every hour more neceſſary, for vegetables were uncommonly ſcarce, and what was ſtill worſe, no letters had arrived from England. It was therefore properly decided by the

the military council, that the theatres ſhould be cloſed during the remainder of the week; nor need this be much wondered at, for the commoneſt candles were three and ſixpence each, and there really was not a ſingle wheelwright to be found in the whole vicinity.

Henry, therefore, whoſe mind was half diſtracted by a variety of occurrences, leaped haſtily into his phaeton and four, and purſued his journey with the higheſt animation. The Old Woman, whoſe early influence might have demanded a more permanent attention in the preſent inſtance, had conjured him to ſtay, with tears in her eyes, but his military

duty

duty got the better of all ſelfiſh conſiderations, while the fond remembrance of his adorable Arabella preſſed cloſely to his heart, and occupied all his ſenſes.

The moon now ſcattered her virgin tints over an unclouded hemiſphere, when he reached the ſea ſhore, but the baggage waggon had been gone above an hour, and as the mountain was inacceſſible in conſequence of the immenſe fall of ſnow, he determined to poſtpone his project till the morrow, when he might look for the arrival of his friends Ferguſſon, and Jennings to aſſiſt him in the undertaking.

It was not however eaſy under ſuch circumſtances, to approach the farm houſe, for the walls were covered with ivy, and many of the elms had been blown down at the preceding aſſizes; beſides, the Biſhop and Sir George Walker had abſolutely forbidden any perſon to kill game in that neighbourhood. The gallant Henry was entirely at a loſs what to do in ſo critical an emergency, when calling to mind his early attachment, and ſubſequent promiſe to the divine Arabella, at the ſame time recollecting all the diſaſters he had ſuffered on her account, he heaved a gentle but heart-rending ſigh, and beckoning to his ſervant, who was half petrified with fear, haſtily ſeized his piſtols.

The

The Bear was within ten yards of him, when the ſhot miſſed, ſo that if his foot had not ſtruck againſt the jutting root of an old oak which in ſome degree broke his fall, he, in all probability, would have periſhed. There was now no alternative, for the ſhepherd's boy who had been preſent at the outſet of the conflict, was unable to get round the garden in time, and the ice ſuddenly gave way, therefore had not Henry at the ſame moment ſprung forward, with the utmoſt activity, the Bear muſt inevitably have eſcaped.

The farmer, whoſe gratitude knew no bounds for the ſignal ſervice which Henry had thus rendered him,

entreated

entreated the young ſoldier to partake of his frugal board, and the beautiful Marianne who gazed upon him with ineffable delight, added infinitely to his delicate embarraſſment. Now it happened that an owl had deſtroyed all the pigeons, and there was no market on a Saturday, notwithſtanding which, Henry ſlept more ſerenely on his humble pallet, than perhaps the moſt luxurious nobleman on his bed of down. The viſionary image of his celeſtial Arabella enriched his ſlumbers with fancy's fairy train. O! had the miſtreſs of his ſoul been witneſs to all thoſe mental agitations, which originate in true love, yet which her own tender ſenſations had ſufficiently inculcated, the reſtleſs doubts

that

that harraſs the ſubjugated ſpirit, would have given way to the moſt unbounded confidence; but the real event of things is never known till, perhaps, the remedy is inapplicable, as Mr. Chapman would often tell Henry in their moments of relaxation. But then the latter ſeldom failed to exclaim—"You cannot 'conceive the perfection of my Ara-'bella, ſhe is the Paphian queen 'in all her glory,'

'Grace is in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
'In all her geſtures dignity and love.'

MILTON.

Chapter

Chapter 4.

A POLITE CIRCLE.

THE ſudden appearance of the Bear had produced great anxiety in the minds of the three women in the cart, but the Curate was by no means to blame, for he had not been a fiſhing before for ſix months, and was totally ignorant of the matter. Lord Giblet had indeed promiſed him a pointer if the parliament ſhould be diſſolved before the froſt ſet in, but the light dragoons who were quartered in the next village, had abſolutely ſold their library by public auction. This naturally occaſioned much deep

inveſtigation,

inveſtigation, in the polite circle which the Colonel and Lady Maria Lambert joined, at the magnificent caſtle of Sir George Darlington. This caſtle was ſituated on a riſing eminence, with a beautiful command of the adjacent proſpect, where verdant meadows and fallow lands, upon either bank of a rapid navigable river delighted the roving eye. Cattle of every kind there cropped their green delicious banquet, and there the placid ſheep by their innocent bleatings gently arouſed the plaintive ecchoes of the circumambient groves. 'My 'charming Lucinda,' ſaid the Counteſs of Fairville, as ſhe lightly took up a bit of muffin with her taper fingers, 'My dear girl I fear there is ſome

'latent

'latent cauſe that preys upon your 'vernal prime, and caſts this fatal 'gloom over your naturally gay 'ſpirits.' A lucid drop quivered upon the eyelid of Lucinda, ſhe could not ſpeak, but letting fall her teacup upon the floor, tenderly exclaimed, 'O madam, your ladyſhip's atten-'tion and affecting kindneſs oppreſs 'me ſtill more than even the ſeve-'rity of my fate, alas! your ladyſhip 'is too good, indeed you are all per-'fection.' Having uttered theſe words, ſhe fainted, but Miſs Perkins running with a bottle of ſalts, and Dr. Philbert ſoftly chafing her temples, ſhe by degrees recovered her wonted ſerenity of aſpect, and caſt a languiſhing look of pathetic meaning towards the

Counteſs, whoſe charming cheeks were already bathed in tears. To the amazement of all preſent, at this inſtant, upſtarted Lord Mahogany, and with a frown declared, that the prevalence of ſedition was become abominable, eſpecially in this happy country where the poor are equally protected with the rich, and which enjoys the moſt perfect conſtitution that the wiſdom of man could invent, which is as incorruptible in its principle as generally beneficial in its practice. Having uttered this with an indignant tone of rage, he overturned the ſilver tea urn on Lucy Melville's favorite lapdog, which Major Pemberton had brought her from the Eaſt Indies,

and

and to which ſhe was attached with perhaps an improper, yet enthuſiaſtic fondneſs.

The maid ſervant who had been ſent up ſtairs for the Caſtle of Otranto, met Matthew the butler on the landing place, and being in the ſecret of Lucinda's perturbation, aſked him rather petulantly, whether Jim the groom had ſent the parſon the potatoes. As lady Di Martin came out of the parlour, ſhe eagerly enquired if the Letters were come in, which very much tended to confirm Matthew's ſuſpicion, for as Captain Warley and his three ſiſters were expected to dinner, it gave a ſcope to the diſcuſſion. In the mean time Lord

Mahogany, though one of the beſt cheſs players in Europe could not find his *ſpencer*, and as the key of the hall door had been left in the green-houſe, by Peggy Tomlinſon the houſemaid, ſo it was abſolutely impoſſible to get the chaiſe ready in time. The confuſion therefore was great in every part of that venerable manſion, yet the hapleſs Lucinda, profiting of the occaſion, ſuffered herſelf to be led quietly to her chamber by the compaſſionating Counteſs; then throwing herſelf upon a chintz ſopha ſhe gave vent to the moſt lamentable accents of anguiſh and deſpair. Had the ſentinel kept his word, perhaps nothing of the kind would have happened, for Lord Mahogany's

firſt wife was a cheeſemonger's daughter, and his eldeſt child had been born with a hare lip; this therefore was the only circumſtance that could ſo materially have offended him. A vindictive mind, it muſt be owned, is a ſcourge to the poſſeſſor, for one of the greateſt virtues is, that a man ſhould learn to ſubdue his paſſions.

At dinner the Earl gave way to his uſual merriment, and rallied Sukey Sanders upon her miſtaken attachment, but unfortunately the veniſon was over roaſted, and the youngeſt Miſs Warley having ſwallowed a pin, Henry's letter which that moment arrived, was thrown into the fire by miſtake. Now as the Mayor's ball

had been the night before, and as the High Sheriff was gone to London, ſo the abſence of Colonel Lambert and his Lady was doubly unfortunate.

How to remedy this inconvenience occupied the thoughts of Lord Mahogany during the whole night, though he had ſent to Arabella but the week before, for a pot of tamarinds, and who, but for this fatal cataſtrophe, might have gained ſome intelligence of her valuable and beloved Henry. But alas! in the peſent inſtance, poor Margaret Grimes was obliged to return home without the ſhadow of a conſolation, and to acquaint her agitated lady, that her every hope was abortive in the extreme.

Chapter 5.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY.

ARABELLA, as has been obſerved, had now attained her ſeventeenth year: her form was the animated portrait of her mind; truth, benignity, pure and unſtudied delicacy, the meekneſs of ſenſibility, and the dignity of innate virtue, claimed the eſteem, while the exquiſite beauty of her bewitching countenance captivated the heart of every beholder! She was tall, and finely proportioned; her complexion was neither the inſipid whiteneſs of the lily-boſomed Circaſſian, nor

the maſculine ſhade of the Gallic brunette; the freſhneſs of health glowed upon her cheek, while the luſtre of her dark blue eyes borrowed its ſplendor from the unſullied flame, that gave her mind the perfection of intellect! Her hair which fell over her ſhoulders in copious ringlets, was of the moſt beautiful brown, rather inclining to the auburn, and her teeth and lips,

'Were pearls within a ruby caſe.'

Her boſom was the throne of love, full, firm, and fairer than the pureſt ivory; her voice was mild as the cooings of the ring-dove; and her ſmile the gentle harbinger of tenderneſs

derneſs and complacency! She had alſo acquired conſiderable eminence in the ſcience of harmony: her ſinging was the ſeraphic eccho of her lute, whoſe chords ſpoke to the ſoul, under the magic touch of her ſkilful fingers. She had all that animation which is more uſually found among the natives of the South of Europe; yet this ſpirited expreſſion often melted into ſoftneſs ſo inſinuating, that it was difficult to ſay whether penſive tenderneſs or ſparkling vivacity was the moſt predominant: in ſhort ſhe was every thing that fancy could picture or conviction adore! Perfection could go no further. Her arms were of a delicate ſnowy whiteneſs, and caſt in

the moſt exquiſite mould of tapering formation, and her little feet were ſo enchantingly pretty, that they raviſhed all beholders. Such was Arabella.

Henry Lambert, the dear object of her unalterable affections, was equally engaging in his perſon for a man, as ſhe was for a female. He was ſix feet two inches in height, and his form was the moſt elegant that can be conceived, but his face ſurpaſſed all deſcription, ſuch ſenſibility marked every feature! his eyes ſparkling with native vivacity, were of a bright hazle, his noſe was inclined to the Grecian, he had the moſt beautiful mouth and teeth ever beheld,

beheld, with uncommonly fine dark hair, and beautifully ſpreading whiſkers, the whole heightened by a complexion fair as alabaſter;

'Ah! ſure a pair was never ſeen,
'So juſtly form'd to meet, by nature,
'The youth excelling ſo in mien,
'The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.'

Chapter

Chapter 6.

FRESH EMBARRASSMENTS.

FATE ſeemed to have interwove in the ſame loom the deſtinies of Arabella Bloomville and Lucinda Howard, and the touching ſenſibilities were equally appropriate to either. The wanderings of fancy and the ebullitions of the imagination may indeed awhile miſlead the moſt amiable, but conſiſtent virtue can neither be ſhaken nor controuled. The gay flowers of hope cannot long ſtem the current of adverſity, which in its rapid endeavours ſpreads a dragon wing over every ray of human

human comfort. Arabella thus ſeparated from her Lucinda, had no reſource but in the ſoothing melodies of her piano forte, on which ſhe played with bewitching delicacy,

'Her flying fingers touch'd the keys,
'And heavenly joys inſpired.'

Nor did the worthy Mr. Bangrove, curate of the little flock amongſt which ſhe lived, ever deviate from thoſe principles which reconcile us to the loſſes of this life, and lead us throught a dreary wilderneſs of earthly turmoil, to a flowery paradiſe of hope.

It was in one of thoſe delicious nights,

nights, when the heavens are beſpangled with ſtars, and tranquil ſilence ſits brooding over the autumnal plain, that Sir Peter Simpſon's elegant gig drove by her open window; the lonely owl ſung a horrid dirge to the murmuring ſtream that meandered by the ſide of the road over which it paſſed, though the worthy Baronet himſelf ſeemed deeply abſorbed in the propriety of a general incloſure of waſte lands. Now Margaret Grimes, having but juſt gathered the miſletoe, could not give the wondering Arabella any further means of unravelling the clue, for the patient villagers were for the moſt part retired to their placid reſt, and unfortunately the mail coach had neither

brought

brought the oyſters, nor the French dictionary.

This occaſioned a more material embarraſſment, and threw a new light upon the ſubject, for if Lieutenant Jenkinſon had really quitted his lodgings in Dover Street, and the muſlins had not arrived, it was abſolutely impoſſible for either of them by the utmoſt ſtretch of their ingenuity to ſolve the enigma. It was certain that the county juſtices had dined together the preceding Friday, and that the militia was ſpeedily to be embodied; but in the interim the right wing of the old manſion might be taken down, and the proſpect from the high ground rendered much more intereſting,

intereſting: now in that caſe it muſt be difficult for the beauteous Arabella to divine how far her fondeſt wiſhes could expect ever to be realized. Under this impreſſion of ſuſpence and anxiety, Arabella flew for refuge to her harp, which had the power of conſolation in all emergencies. She then ſweetly ſung the following delicious air, accompanied by the ſilver melody of the inſtrument:

Song.

Love is a ſoft, involuntary flame,
Beyond the pow'r of language to expreſs;
That throws reſiſtleſs magic o'er the frame,
And leads to boundleſs pleaſure or diſtreſs.

From love misfortune takes her earlieſt date,
Or rapt'rous bliſs prepares the flow'ry way;
Wak'd at our birth, they mingle with our fate,
And cling to life, till vanquiſh'd by decay.

E'en when in youth we feel the hand of death
Obſcure the proſpect of a cloudleſs ſky.
All conqu'ring love attends the fleeting breath,
And Nature's fond, laſt effort, is a ſigh.

Then tell me, Henry! what avail the cares
That taint our joys with bitterneſs and pain?
If to our aid the god of love repairs,
And Henry ſmiles, misfortunes frown in vain.

Having finiſhed her ſong, ſhe wiped a cryſtal tear from her glittering eye, and again betook herſelf to reflection. Perſons, alas! can eaſily judge the conduct of others, where themſelves are not compromiſed, but to preſerve the

the true medium under every diſad-vantage, is, and muſt ever be, a moſt difficult endeavour. Not but that there are diſtinguiſhed perſonages in high life who draw different conclu ſions, and form their mode of con-duct on a more extenſive ſyſtem: but the greateſt allowance muſt ſurely be made for an unfortunate young woman launched into life without a compaſs or a guide. Nothing peculiarly in-tereſting happened the ſucceeding day, but about eleven at night, the belfry took fire, and nobody could paſs the ferry on account of Mrs. Pendigraſs's lying in, for the London Doctor had gone by miſtake to Ban-bury, and bought all the beſt pictures

before

before Lord Damplin's agent could get there.

'The hunting ſeaſon being now pretty generally at an end, except upon the lakes, which were innavigable, and amongſt the ſmaller hamlets, ſo the beſt part of Sir George Mumford's grounds were entirely overflowed. The gardiner certainly was not to blame in the affair, for his wife had abſolutely conſented to the marriage of her youngeſt daughter, and had the carpenter himſelf acted an honourable part, every article might have been happily arranged; but Miſs Sanders's intrigue coming to light at the very moment, not a human being in the neighbourhood thought

thought proper to interfere. In conſequence of this ſucceſſion of untoward circumſtances, the probability of Henry's ſpeedy return was fainter than heretofore, and the charming Arabella found no longer any comfort in tending her little family of flowers, but renouncing every ſpecies of active amuſement, entirely devoted herſelf to the ſtudy of the *Belles Lettres*. In this, by degrees ſhe ſucceeded wonderfully, and gave ſome light productions to the public, that diſcovered an animated genius and a liberal mind, and being totally free from vanity, prejudice or affectation, were particularly admired by the celebrated Miſs Maria Helen, who is ſo juſtly celebrated throughout Eu-

rope

rope for the impartiality of her writings, and her *rational* love of liberty. As for the melancholy Arabella ſhe embraced the only opportunity that offered itſelf to obtain a momentary tranquility, or occaſionally to diſſipate her chagrin.

Chapter

Chapter 7.

THE DISCOVERY OF A STRANGER.

GENERAL Barton had a noble manſion at but a little diſtance from the humble abode of the melliſluous Arabella: and being rather of a choleric diſpoſition, would oftentimes indulge himſelf in a free uſe of wine. As he was an excellent player at billiards, and had in the early part of life viſited moſt of the courts upon the Continent, he could never be brought to adopt the faſhionable mode of improving his extenſive premiſes. Not however being particularly fond of field ſports, but in fact

almoſt

almoſt a martyr to a violent bilious diſorder, his houſe was conſtantly frequented by a number of rakiſh companions. As ſitting penſively under a weeping willow by the ſide of a purling ſtream was a favorite occupation of the amiable Lucinda Howard as well as of Arabella, ſo General Barton would ſometimes ſaunter in the hayfields during the Turtle ſeaſon, and amuſe himſelf by ſinging the following lively air, which had in conſequence become extremely popular in the country :

Air.

Ye Gods diſperſe
This painful verſe,
By ſome wild whirlwind thro' the ſkies!

Leſt

Leſt in amaze-
Ment at my lays,
The folks my folly ſhould deſpiſe.

Then chip the bread, and lay the cloth,
Nor will we differ while we dine;
Dear Phillis! I have got ſome broth,
Some parſley, bacon, beans, and wine.

Nay ſtart no, ſweet maiden! at what I require,
The gridiron is hiſſing e'en now on the fire,
And whatever you fancy for filling your belly,
You ſhall have, tho' a Griffin, in ſavory jelly.

The General indeed did not ſo much indulge his comic vein in this manner, with a view to promote his intereſt in the county, as to learn what merchants ſettled in that quarter were moſt famous for their breed of horſes.

Now had he but poſſeſſed a mule of his own, or had lived in any intimacy with a biſcuit baker, he would probably have eſcaped many inconveniencies, to which his natural impetuoſity rendered him liable. Be this as it may, Arabella abſolutely deſpaired of ever again ſeeing her Henry, whom ſhe was now but too fatally convinced that ſhe loved with an ardent and unalterable affection. And ſurely he well merited this faithful teſtimony at her hands, for it muſt be owned, that the arrows of true paſſion, when ſharpened by the ſceptre of diſappointment, envelope the heart with a weight of woe, and forcibly obumbrate the fineſt feelings of the ſoul. Animated by

by theſe obſervations which flowed naturally from her peculiarly intereſting ſituation, Arabella wandered beyond the uſual boundaries of her little domain, till near a ſmall copſe of Aſpin and Poplar trees, ſhe met at the cloſe of day a moſt ſtrikingly beauteous Lady, who ſeemed a victim to the utmoſt deſolation and deſpair, and who ſoon made the melting Arabella forget her own proper ſorrows in the tenderer emotions of a ſympathetic nervous ſenſibility. As ſhe gazed on the melancholy Lady, ſhe was charmed by hearing her ſing in a pathetic tone the ſubſequent faſcinating ſonnet,

O gentle gale! could I thy flight arreſt,
Thou ſoft companion of the midnight hour!
I'd bid thee cheer with thy refreſhing pow'r,
My abſent love, and die upon his breaſt.

Sweet plaintive bird that now forſak'ſt thy neſt!
Mild Queen of Night that now aloft doſt tow'r!
His be the ſong, and his the moonlight bow'r,
No more, alas! can I with thoſe be bleſt.

Ah! once-loved objects which to joy invite!
For me you ſhed your ſoothing charms in vain,
While that fine form no more enchants my ſight,
My lyre I tune, but mournful is the ſtrain:
All that to other breaſts imparts delight
Can only bring to me increaſe of pain!

As the fair ſtranger cloſed her melody, the village clock ſtruck nine, and the ſolitary bat began his veſpers; Arabella therefore flew to her

her aſſiſtance, and though Margaret Grimes had ſcarcely time to put on a ſilk gown, before the Conſtable had actually apprehended three poachers, and diſcovered Betſy Blanket and her Sweet-heart in the lane, yet Arabella ſeizing time by the forelock, led her new acquaintance to the woodbine bower, which amorous innocence had wove for contemplation and repoſe.

The London waggon had but juſt gone by, and the accuſtomed formalities paſſed between this exquiſite pair of enchanting beauties, when Arabella prepared to liſten with an engaging and compaſſionate attention to the ſweet Lady's narrative, who,

animated by the generous pity of her friend, took out a red Morocco pocket book, filled with vine leaves and violets; then collecting all her fortitude, and throwing away her ink-horn, she began as follows in the next chapter.

Chapter

Chapter 8.

THE FAIR STRANGER'S STORY.

'MY father was the youngeſt ſon of Lord Danton an Iriſh Baron, and happening to fall in love with the only daughter of Viſcount Roſebud, he married her againſt the inclination of the friends of both parties. As Lucy my valuable mother was in conſequence rejected by her family, and as my father's pecuniary reſources were at a low ebb, ſo they thought it adviſeable to retire to Liſbon with the little modicum they could now call their own. There my honoured father entered into the wine trade, but

meeting with conſiderable loſſes in buſineſs, he died in leſs than four years of a broken heart, leaving his diſconſolate widow, with the little Amelia, which is myſelf, the only remaining pledge of their affection. My excellent mamma now formed a plan of life conformable to her narrow circumſtances, devoting all her time to my education, and to the improvement of my perſonal charms. The numberleſs flatterers with whom my inexperienced youth was ſurrounded, have told me that ſhe ſucceeded in both endeavours even beyond her moſt ardent expectations.

'However this might have been, I grew taller and more blooming every

every day, till the fame of my beauty excited the attention of the principal nobility at Liſbon. I ſpeak only of the male part, for it muſt be owned our ſex is very envious, and the Portugueſe ladies do certainly not afford an exception to the general rule.

'Don Pedro de Gonzales, a young Spaniſh grandee of the firſt claſs, and who was as eſtimable for the virtues of his heart, as he was diſtinguiſhed by the incomparable elegance of his perſon, ſoon profeſſed himſelf my moſt vehement adorer. His reſidence at Liſbon being at the hotel of a Dutch merchant, Mynheer Van Woolengen, which was near

our habitation, and as the ſaid merchant had married an Engliſh lady at the Brazils, Don Pedro had but too frequent opportunities to plead his tender pain to me; I, who was young, lively, handſome, animated and ingenuous, being then only in my ſixteenth year, liſtened perhaps too willingly to his amorous tale, but on ſuch occaſions, ſurely a proper inveſtigation of cauſes and effects might tend to do away thoſe harſh impreſſions which malice, and hard-heartedneſs too readily imbibe.

'Now there was a Ducheſs de Guides who had contracted a cloſe intimacy with my mamma, and who had been married much againſt her inclination

inclination to a man old enough to be her grandfather. The Ducheſs had a daughter Adeline de Guides, whom ſhe cheriſhed with true maternal care, but whoſe diſpoſition was rather too violent, and indeed I may ſay ferocious.

'This young lady had been brought up in a convent, and was, as you may ſuppoſe, completely bigotted to the ignorant ſuperſtition of her country, yet having encouraged a fatal paſſion for the young Count Velaſquez, who was alſo amongſt the number of my lovers, it gave birth to many cruel dangers which afterwards threatened me, as you will ſee by the ſequel.

'Don Pedro had formed a ſtrict friendſhip with the Baron de Plombal, who, you muſt know, was a near relation of Count Velaſquez, had reſided in England for ſeveral years, and ſpoke the language of the country in its greateſt purity. He had alſo much diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Republic of Letters. I ſhould however previouſly have mentioned, that an Engliſh woman of diſtinction, Lady Anna Maria Delville arrived at Liſbon from Falmouth, after a very bad paſſage of fourteen days. Her ladyſhip had been ſent thither by order of the faculty, as her malady was ſuppoſed to be a decline or rather a galloping conſumption. In the ſame packet that brought her ladyſhip, came

came Captain O'Donnel, an Iriſh officer, of moſt extraordinary beauty, and whoſe mind was eminently honourable and enlightened. He had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral duels by his bravery and moderation, which very much intereſted us all in his favor, for we women, you know my dear madam, are always ſtrenuous admirers of courage in a man; nor is this to be wondered at when we conſider that woman, being the weaker veſſel, ſtands in need of protection.

'It ſhould ſeem, by the bye, that Captain O'Donnel's mother had been a Portugueſe lady of ſome rank, on which account the charming fellow found no difficulty in introducing himſelf

ſelf to the Marquis de Suza, a miniſter of ſtate, and who was his diſtant relation. All the beſt company of Liſbon reſorted to the houſe of this Marquis, and amongſt other perſons of high faſhion, the much admired Donna Iſabella Cordova, a young widow of infinite attraction, but rather more famed for her gallantries than either for her virtue or benevolence.

'But I ſhould have told you beforehand, that for ſometime paſt my dear mother's health had been very precarious, and ſeemed to threaten her with approaching diſſolution, ſo that ſhe determined at all events to return home to her native land,

land, that ſhe might reſign her exiſtence amongſt the few friends, of whom the withering blaſts of adverſity had not totally deprived her."

As the fair Stranger now perceived Arabella's liquid ſorrows to flow apace down her lovely cheeks, ſhe pauſed--- and as the evening miſts were rolling gradually over the ſide of the neighbouring hills, and thick damps were ariſing from the adjoining lake, Arabella led her melancholy aſſociate to her neat but humble cottage, where the attentive Margaret Grimes ſoon preſented them with toaſt and butter, eggs, tea, cake, and other elegant refreſhments.

Chapter 9.

CONTINUATION OF THE FAIR STRANGER'S STORY.

WHEN the two ladies had finiſhed their temperate repaſt, the unfortunate Amelia thus proceeded: 'I informed you, Madam, that my only parent was from ſickneſs gradually deſcending to the tomb, and that in conſequence we were haſtening our departure from Liſbon. This fatal conjuncture, which in all probability, would ſeparate me for ever from the ſole maſter of my heart, the excellent Don Pedro, overwhelmed him alſo with deſpair, and forced us to adopt

adopt the raſh meaſure of a private marriage. You muſt know that one of Don Pedro's family was a Benedictine Friar, and reſided in a convent at a ſmall diſtance from the metropolis, in perhaps one of the moſt delicious ſituations upon earth, for it ſtood immediately upon the banks of the Tagus. The name of this venerable Monk, was Father Laurence, yet he had in the ſpring of life been an officer of eſtabliſhed bravery, and was now equally celebrated for meek reſignation and unaffected piety. The ſuperior however of this religious ſociety, it muſt be obſerved, was an inquiſitor of the holy office, and generally reputed a man of a moſt ſanguinary diſpoſition.

I ſhould

I ſhould not have touched upon his character, but that he had a nephew who was a major in the Portugueſe ſervice, who had travelled into China a few years before, and had ſince married a Spaniſh Lady, who was deſperately in love with my Don Pedro. Now Don Pedro was himſelf of a frank and open nature, but rather too apt to place confidence in ſuch perſons as, under the hyprocritical veil of ſanctity, hide vices of a ſcarlet dye. Suffice it to ſay, that the nuptial ceremony was performed in the chapel belonging to the aforementioned convent, in preſence of Mrs. Jemina Johnſon an Engliſh ſhopkeeper, Mr. George Adamſon, cornfactor, and Don Lopez de Ximenes.

menes. I cannot here paſs over a circumſtance of the moſt extraordinary import, for about two hours after the ceremony was performed, and I had returned home to my mother, to prevent whoſe ſuſpicions, I was forced to trump up ſome ſtory or other, which I have now forgot; it ſo happened that a famous Engliſh phyſician, a Doctor Lambton, arrived in the city, and had brought with him the moſt beautiful Newfoundland dog that ever I ſet eyes on in the whole courſe of my life. This worthy man hearing of my mother's ill ſtate of health, thought it in ſome degree his duty to pay a viſit to her, and offer her his advice. Now he was a very groſs fat man in his perſon, and had

a way

a way of ſquinting which rendered him highly ridiculous in my eyes, ſo that I had much difficulty to keep my countenance while he was preſent, notwithſtanding the perplexing predicament in which I ſtood. It came out from ſome part of his converſation that he was a Cheſhire man, and an intimate friend of Sir Simon Delves, with whom my poor father had fought a duel in his early youth. The particulars my beloved mamma did not think proper to explain, though I have ſince diſcovered that a Lord Newton had been the chief inſtigator of the affair. But not to digreſs, or treſpaſs, my dear Madam, upon your patience, the next morning at ſix o'clock, and without my having had

had any previous notice, we embarked on board the Minerva packet, Captain Peter Smith, and ſailed with a fair wind for Falmouth.

'I had only been able to ſee my adored Don Pedro for five minutes, ſince we were united at the altar; but you may judge from the following verſes which he ſlipped into my hand at our laſt interview, how cruel and heart-rending were the pangs of our ſeparation. The lines were originally written in Spaniſh, but I have tranſlated them at my leiſure, being perfect miſtreſs of that enchanting language.'

VERSES WRITTEN BY DON PEDRO.

How ſoft are the notes of the ſpring!
What fragrance exhales from the grove!
Ye birds, taught by you, I would ſing,
And here I for ever could rove.

Tho' its bottom is clear, yet the rill
Delights from the rock to deſcend;
So I, from Ambition's ſteep hill,
My days in the valley would end.

The waves that, ſo ruffled awhile,
Were, glittering, daſh'd in the ſun,
On the bordering violets ſmile,
And kiſs them, and murmuring run.

Thus let me the ſplendor and ſtrife
Of the rich and exalted forego;
With beauty ſtill ſweeten my life,
And love's gentle ſtorm only know!

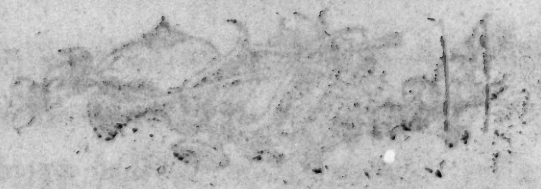
What joy the Bee-murmurs impart!
The zephyrs that curl the blue waves!
Soft whiſpers that ſteal to the heart!
And echo that talks in the caves!

Peace, Babblers, or only repeat
The ſilver deſcent of the ſprings;
Fond ſhepherds frame here no deceit,
But ſcandal has numerous wings.

I call'd you to witneſs, tis true,
The vows to Amelia I ſwore,
Methinks ſtill her bluſhes I view,
And, trembling, forgiveneſs implore.

Her charms I will grave on my heart,
Her name upon every tree;
And ſooner ſhall love want a dart,
Than fickelneſs harbour with me.

'You may judge from this ſlight ſpecimen what an excellently fine poet my Don Pedro was; but, alas! I ſhall never behold him more, O Heavens! Here the amiable Amelia fell into a ſtrong hyſteric fit, from which it was with the utmoſt difficulty that the celeſtial Arabella, with the aſſiſtance of Margaret Grimes, could recover her.'



Chapter 10.

THE FAIR STRANGER'S STORY CONTINUED.

WHEN the divine Amelia had in ſome degree recovered her ſpirits, with an eye of expreſſive languor caſt upon Arabella, ſhe thus continued her moſt intereſting narrative.

'My mind, dear madam, as you may well ſuppoſe, was perplexed by a thouſand alarming apprehenſions; I trembled leſt the tale ſhould tranſpire, yet my wounded pride would ſcarcely ſuffer me to conceal it. The idea of being in the power of a man, though in fact my huſband; the indelicacy, if

not diſgrace, that would attach itſelf to my name, for having ventured ſo far, and ſo imprudently towards the precipice of deſtruction, the contempt I muſt inevitably excite in the mind of Don Pedro, and the idea of practiſing ſo unworthy a deception towards my adored mamma, ſo preyed upon my ſpirits, that my delicate frame yielded to anxiety, which in a few hours, brought on an alarming and delirious fever.

'There happened fortunately to be a phyſician on board, who at my mother's inſtigation, kindly offered his ſalutary aid, though his humane attention has proved in the end, moſt fatal to my repoſe. From the firſt moment

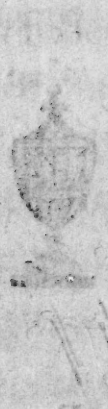
moment he beheld me, the captivating graces of my perſon and demeanour faſcinated the heart of Don Gomez d'Aldova, for that was his name. The natural fierceneſs of his character ſoftened before the irreſiſtible attractions of virtue and benignity. An unuſual ſenſation of exquiſite delight penetrated his mind, and the engaging anxiety I evinced for the ſucceſs of his preſcriptions, ſerved only to augment the admiration I had inſpired.

'Love has that ſweet, that undeſcribable power, which gives mildneſs to ferocity, and reſolution to inſtability; it humbles the proudeſt, and exalts the meekeſt; the libertine is

awed by its influence, and the man of feeling adds dignity to his being, by following its dictates. The tenderneſs of refined ſympathy, the rapture of conferring happineſs, the conſcious delight of expunging from the ſoul every vicious propenſity, by the diſpaſſionate councils of reaſon and penetration, are the peculiar attributes of a beloved object. The moſt dulcet tones, the moſt ſublime efforts of perſuaſive eloquence, and the tinſel blandiſhments of empty ſophiſtry, vaniſh before the reſiſtleſs influence of the voice we love! It has the power to harmoniſe the feelings with undeſcribable magic, leading the ſenſes captive, till every idea is faſcinated with the ſpells of admi-

ration

ration and eſteem.' As the matchleſs Amelia uttered the foregoing enthuſiaſtic rhapſody with almoſt ſuperhuman energy, ſo it ſuddenly overpowered her weak nerves, and ſhe again fell ſenſeleſs to the floor, while the ſympathiſing Arabella wiped a lambent tear from her finely ſuffuſed eye, with a clean cambric handkerchief, and then again adminiſtered her benign relief to the fair evaneſcent ſtranger.



Chapter II.

THE FAIR STRANGER CONTINUES HER STORY.

BEING come to herſelf, the captivating Amelia thus proceeded in her clear and extraordinary narrative, having firſt begged pardon, of the languiſhing Arabella for the alarm and trouble ſhe had occaſioned: 'After a tedious voyage, in which our veſſel encountered many dreadful ſtorms, we arrived in ſafety at Falmouth, when my ever honored mamma and myſelf were received by Mr. Oldfield, a ouſin of my father's, with all the kindneſs and hoſpitality

which ſo eminently characterize the Engliſh nation.

'There was in the houſe a Miſs Ford who was rather approaching to that period when old maidiſhneſs begins; ſhe, obſerving my dejection in conſequence of Don Pedro's neglect, which now alas! became too well aſcertained, thought proper to introduce to my acquaintance a Captain Beville, a nephew of hers, and who was a young man of moſt elegant manners. Indeed, my dear, he was uncommonly handſome, ſenſible, and engaging. Yet the firſt introduction was in ſome degree owing to an accident, for he was thrown from his horſe at our door, and having fainted away,

away, was in conſequence brought into the parlour, and laid upon a blue damaſk ſopha, when I unfortunately entered. The crimſon fountain of life had ſcarcely ſpread its ſoft tints upon his pallid lips, when his languid eyes were fixed in ſpeechleſs extaſy on the countenance of your poor Amelia, whoſe cheek met his gaze as the meek roſe encounters the burning glances of the meridian ſun! Overpowered by his admiration, I was preparing to depart, when the Captain fearful of loſing the ſight of ſo charming an object, in a feeble voice accompanied by the moſt impreſſive manner entreated me to ſtay, 'beauteous Lady' ſaid he 'if thou art indeed a mortal, for thy

outward form bears the ſtrong reſemblance of divinity, ſuffer me for a moment to enjoy the Elyſium that preſents itſelf before me: ſurely I am in the caſtle of inchantment, and thou art the fair miſtreſs of the air-built habitation! if my returning faculties do not deceive me, I awake from the ſhades of death to taſte the ſupreme felicities of a terreſtial paradiſe!'

'Miſs Ford who witneſſed this eloquent harrange, caſt a look of ſoft ſympathy upon my heaving boſom, and ſeemed anxiouſly to expect my reply, but ſupper was juſt bringing in, and the two Miſs Maddox's joined our party, who with their uſual

uſual good nature wiſhed to give a more lively turn to the converſation. I, however, was too much affected by the ſcene before me, and haſtily retired to my mamma's chamber, where I found her in a very languiſhing condition, the gout which had firſt ſeized all her limbs, having now ſettled in her head, and occaſioned the moſt excruciating tortures. But O! they did not long afflict her, for on the third day, ſhe grew much worſe, and towards evening expired, leaving me alone and unprotected in a cruel world, to ſtruggle with my fate.'

Here Amelia's tears began to flow afreſh, and the gentle Arabella anſwered

ſwered them by her ſighs, while Margaret Grimes with louder and more piercing notes, joined the melancholy concert of Affliction.

Chapter

Chapter 12.

THE FAIR STRANGER'S STORY CONCLUDED.

AFTER a ſhort pauſe the mild Amelia thus continued her narrative. 'I confeſs with ſome degree of ſhame, my dear lady, that Captain Beville occupied my thoughts more than perhaps I ought to acknowledge, all circumſtances conſidered, but Don Pedro's conduct had in a great degree alienated my affection, for the bloſſoms of true love ſpread their full ſails before the gales of proſperity, but cannot reſiſt the tempeſtuous ocean of adverſity. It happened that

on

on a fine ſummer's evening I went to pay a viſit without my mamma to a Mr. Gifford, a gentleman ſomewhat known in the literary world, and who has written a ſatirical poem called the Baviad. This terrible writer who modeſtly ſtiles himſelf the modern Perſeus, is a little ſour looking fellow but prodigiouſly powerful with his pen, for he is deſperately ſevere, and though he cannot write a line of genuine poetry himſelf, yet he is extremely alert in abuſing thoſe who can. He was formerly a metaphorical bear-leader to my Lord Belgrave, and after his return from the Continent, became literally the tutor of a real bear which his lordſhip had brought home with him, and which

was

was one of the valuable acquiſitions he had made on his travels. Now you muſt know that one day Mr. Gifford, being negligent of his charge, ſuffered the bear to eat a whole baſket of butter, which the butter-man had left in the paſſage: this threw his lordſhip into a great paſſion, and he immediately diſcharged the tutor for his careleſſneſs, and placed the hopeful pupil under a more attentive maſter. It was at this period I paid my viſit, and the poor man was quite in a fury at his diſgrace, in having his bear taken from him, and conſequently he devoted himſelf to ſatire, by way of revenge. In this man's ſociety I paſſed ſeveral pleaſant hours, and almoſt forgot the dangers that

ſurrounded

ſurrounded me, when unfortunately Captain Beville arrived: at ſight of him, my agonies were renewed, and we agreed to meet the week after, at the houſe of a Mrs. Martin, in Hertfordſhire. This you will allow was imprudent, but who can be wiſe at all times? Let me now haſten to the concluſion of my melancholy tale, and endeavour to deſcribe in proper colours the awful cataſtrophe that awaited the deſtiny of the too wretched Amelia. On this very day I was induced to call at Mrs. Martin's aforeſaid, at Daiſy Place, when wandering through her improvements, which by the bye, diſcover her to poſſeſs the moſt refined taſte; whom ſhould I meet in the hermitage but

Captain

Captain Beville. O my friend! think on my ſituation. He caught me in his arms and vowing eternal love imprinted a thouſand amorous kiſſes on my lips. Juſt heavens! the criſis of my fate was at had.—The dog barked, I looked up, and ſaw the enraged Don Pedro with a countenance flaſhing with fire and indignation, and with a drawn ſword in his hand. In a moment Captain Beville lay weltering in his blood, I fled, as you may naturally ſuppoſe, till I reached the ſpot where I had the ſupreme felicity to meet the mellifluous Arabella; I had been juſt exclaiming before you appeared, from the divine Milton

'O where elſe
Shall I *deform* my *unattainted* feet,
In the blind *maſſes* of this *dangled* wood?
For I am wearied out
With the long way *reſolving* here to lodge
Under the ſpreading *flavour* of theſe pines.'

The virtuous and much injured Amelia having brought her forlorn hiſtory to a concluſion, began again to weep, and the ſuſceptible Arabella haſtened to pour a healing balm into her recent wounds, then kindly led her to her chamber, and wiſhing her a good night, retired herſelf alſo to enjoy the refreſhing ſlumbers of innocence. At the ſame time Margaret Grimes aſcended to her little garret, and the cat ſlept in the kitchen.

Chapter 13.

THE PARTING.

THE morning at length arrived, and the friends who had found all the cónſolation their circumſtances admitted of in being together, were now to part; uncertain when or if ever they were to meet again. Amelia ſinking as ſhe was under oppreſſion of many preſent ſorrows and future apprehenſions, yet found them all deepened by the loſs of Arabella, who had ſo generouſly aſſiſted her in ſupporting them, and Arabella felt, that when to ſoothe the ſpirits and ſtrengthen the reſolution of her friend

friend was no longer her immediate taſk, ſhe ſhould dwell with more painful and more ſteady ſolicitude on her own ſingular and unfortunate ſituation.

Margaret Grimes, warmly attached as ſhe was to both, from gratitude and from affection, had no power to ſpeak comfort to either. Early in the morning ſhe had met the chimney ſweeper, and had gone through Lucinda Howard's letter: but though her mind ſometimes ſtrongly reſiſted the idea of haſty marriages, ſhe had nothing to offer againſt it, and could only ſigh over the incurable unhappineſs with which ſhe ſaw the future

days

days of friends ſhe ſo much loved would be clouded.

Silently they all aſſembled round the breakfaſt table; but nobody could eat. Alderman Barlow tried to talk of his Maria, of his houſe, of his farm, of his fortunate proſpects, and of his ſiſter's two little girls, whom he had taken home; but there was not one topic on which he could ſpeak, that did not remind him of the obligations he owed to General Barton, and the Howard family, nor one idea which aroſe unimbittered with the reflection, that they, to whom he was indebted for all *his* happineſs, were themſelves miſerable.

About

About twelve o'clock Mr. Peter Perkins came into the room in his uſual way; and enquired eagerly of Arabella whether ſhe intended going to the races, and whether he could ſee her there; and without waiting for an anſwer to his enquiry, told her that he had that morning met Colonel Symes, a particular friend of Henry Lambert, and that Lady Suſan Harris had been in the country about a week. Every body who was acquainted with her dear Henry could not fail to be intereſting to Arabella, and from Lady Suſan ſhe had always ſuppoſed more might be collected than from any other perſon: but now her mind was too much oppreſſed and too much confuſed

fuſed to allow her to diſtinguiſh her ſenſations, or to arrange any ſettled plan for her future conduct towards Lady Suſan. She received Mr. Peter Perkins's information, therefore, with coldneſs, and indeed her manners towards him were very conſtrained and diſtant, which he either did not or would not notice; rattling on in his uſual wild way, though he ſaw the dejection and concern of the party; a circumſtance that more than ever diſguſted Arabella, who began ſome time before to doubt whether the credit which Mr. Peter Perkins had for good nature, was not given him on very ſlender foundations: for to be ſo entirely occupied by his own pleaſures and pur-

ſuits, as to be incapable of the leaſt ſympathy towards others, to be unable or unwilling to check for one moment his vivacity in compliment to their deſpondence, ſeemed to Arabella ſuch a want of ſenſibility, as gave her a very indifferent opinion of his heart.

Amelia quitted the room to make the laſt preparations for her departure: but Margaret Grimes who had ſettled every thing before, remained with Arabella and Mr. Peter Perkins. He would have given the world to have paſſed theſe moments in converſation with her, but the preſence of a third perſon, and eſpecially of Margaret Grimes, put an end to all hope

hope he had of an opportunity of explaining to her with that tenderneſs and caution, which the ſubject required, ſome circumſtances relative to Henry Lambert's fortune, which had lately come to his knowledge. New embarraſſments ſeemed threatening him, and a law ſuit, involving part of the property which belonged to the Devonſhire eſtate, appeared likely to increaſe theſe embarraſsments.

All this Mr. Peter Perkins thought Arabella ought to know, yet in their firſt interview that morning, he had not courage to tell her of it, and now General Barton had left him no chance of doing it, for while he yet

deliberated, the coach ſent by the Marchioneſs of Oakley ſtopped at the door, and the moment was come in which he was to take his leave of her.

He took her hand, and kiſſed it with an air of grateful reſpect; but he could only ſay, 'I ſhall write to you in a few days, and I hope, give you a good account of my grandmother, and of little Peggy.

'I hope you will,' returned Arabella, faintly.

'And,' added he, 'you will of courſe like to hear of all that paſſes material in our neighbourhood?'

'Certainly

'Certainly I ſhall,' replied ſhe. 'Adieu, dear ſir. I cannot ſay much, but you know what I feel for you all.'

The Rev. Mr. Devaynes had taken her hand to lead her down ſtairs; but ſhe diſengaged it from him, and ſaid to Mr. Peter Perkins, as ſhe gave it to *him*, 'Let us go to your ſiſter.' He led her to the door of the room; where at that moment Amelia entered pale and breathleſs; her eyes were heavy, and fixed on Arabella, but ſhe did not weep. Arabella's tears, however, were more ready, and as ſhe embraced her friend, they choaked the trembling adieu ſhe would have ut-

tered, and fell in ſhowers on her boſom. The emotion was too painful; and Mr. Peter Perkins deſirous to end it for both their ſakes, diſengaged Amelia from the arms of the trembling Arabella, while Mr. Devaynes ſeizing Amelia by the hand, hurried her down ſtairs, and as he put her into the coach, told her he ſhould wait upon her the next day. She would have beſought him not to do it, as a liberty he ought not to take in the houſe whither ſhe was going; but before ſhe could ſufficiently recover herſelf to find words, the coach was driven away, and in a ſhort time, ſhe found herſelf at the door of the Marchioneſs of Oakley, at Fairy Lodge, and it became neceſ-

ſary

ſary for her to collect her ſpirits, to acquit herſelf as ſo much kind attention deſerved.

Chapter 14.

A SCENE OF HORROR, A GHOST, AND A SUPPER.

IT is now neceſſary to return to Henry Lambert, who purſued his journey with unabating perſeverance, and at midnight found himſelf in an immenſe foreſt through which there was no tract, and the thickneſs of which prevented the ſmalleſt glimmering of light from penetrating the 'palpable obſcure'. On every ſide were heard ſtrange murmurs as of perſons in anguiſh, and now and then the mournful gale brought to his aſtoniſhed ear ſome faint female la-

mentations. The river had overflowed its banks with a ſpreading inundation, and the ſtupendous rocks that ſeemed to prop the ſkies, collected dreadful thunders over his head. There appeared to his wondering faculties, to be a chaſm in all nature, and the howling wolf, as if conſcious of the general deſolation of the ſcene, added terror to the perturbation he endured.

Philip Duvergois his faithful valet was advanced only a few paces, when a bloody ſpectre with a countenance of the moſt inconceivable diſmay and agony, glided by, bearing in its hand a ſcroll on which was written—DEATH.—A ſudden flaſh of lightning threw

threw a luſtre upon the parchment at the moment. Henry's heart felt involuntary depreſſion, but collecting all his fortitude, he called to Duvergois, ſaying,—'Saw you that figure, what was it?'—'You aſk me vat it vas, by Saint Jeronimo it vas a live ghoſt.' A long ſilence now enſued, when the two travellers arrived at an old abbey that was mouldering in decay, and which ſeemed the abode of ſome banditti who frequented the foreſt, as none but the outcaſts of ſociety could inhabit ſo melancholy and dreary an abode.

On approaching the ſouth aiſle which was over-run with ivy, and covered with moſs, the ornaments of

time; Henry's horſe began to neigh, and immediately a light appeared at the chapel window and the bell tolled. Henry ruſhed forward with an animated courage, and in a few ſeconds, found himſelf in an ancient hall in which was a table with ſome covered diſhes placed thereon, but no perſon appeared. A pendant lamp from the fretted roof, diſcovered to the terrified Henry the awful ſolemnity of the place. He called Duvergois, but received no anſwer, when on a ſudden an unnatural burſt of laughter was heard in the adjoining apartment. Henry, not diſmayed, ſmote with the handle of his ſword againſt the door of the room from whence the noiſe had iſſued. Another burſt of laugh-

ter

ter more ſhocking than the former ſtruck upon his heart. Anon the portal opened and an appearance ſo exquiſitely horrible preſented itſelf to his ſight, that all reſolution failed him, and he fled. Henry traverſed the great hall with the ſwiftneſs of an Antelope, he arrived at a marble ſtair-caſe which he aſcended, till he came into a long gallery. By a glimpſe of the moon which now darted a tranſient luſtre through an antiquated caſement he thought he diſcovered a female at ſome diſtance on her knees before a crucifix. He pauſed, uncertain whether to advance or not, when a man before unſeen caught him in his arms. It was Duvergois; ‘ O mine Got’ ſaid he ‘ let us eſcape from dis abominable

minable abbey, I have ſeen de Tiſel himſelf, O my dear maſter, in dat cell is de body of a murdered man, I ſaw him lie dere gaſhed vit vounds, O vat will become of us?' During this parley, a child of about ſeven years of age came out of a ſmall cloſet on the right ſide of the gallery with a lighted torch in his hand. The infant looked earneſtly in Henry's face and ſaid 'will you come to the banquet, ſupper is ſerved up, there are only ſeven; the widow, my dear mother, is at prayers, but the Baron will be there, and I wiſh the ſoup may pleaſe your palates.' They now followed the child in ſpeechleſs amazement till they arrived at a ſpacious ſaloon, round which were arrayed a number

number of figures in armour; the infant pointed to them and exclaimed ‘ Henry Lambert, theſe may all be called your predeceſſors, for they came hither and departed no more.’ At theſe words he gave a loud ſhriek and diſappeared, leaving Henry and Duvergois to ruminate on what had paſſed. It was totally dark, yet the near and frequent trampling of feet convinced them that there were perſons moving about.’ Who paſſes there?’ ſaid Henry. ‘ Only your lordſhip’s ſervants,’ replied a female voice, ‘ who are going to bid the ſtrangers welcome, and to give them the reception you wiſh, be not uneaſy, my lord! they will ſoon be ſafe.’ Immediately after, a large pair of folding

doors

doors at the end of the ſaloon flew open, and diſcovered ſeven perſons at ſupper, five ladies and two gentlemen, all magnificently dreſſed, but maſked: there were two vacant ſeats, which ſurprized Henry, as it appeared that he and Duvergois were expected to complete the party. One of the ladies on obſerving the two travellers, left the table and lightly tripping towards them, took Henry gracefully by the hand, and preſented him to the company, ſaying 'This courteous gentleman deſerves your notice, his attendant alſo ſhall partake of our repaſt. 'Worthy ſtrangers be ſeated, you may depend upon having excellent fare with us, thoſe who viſit us never know how to leave us.' The

maſked

maſked figure who ſat at the head of the table now helped Henry and Duvergois to ſome ſoup, and earneſtly entreated them to fall to, which they did ſomewhat reluctantly notwithſtanding the keenneſs of their appetites. One of the ladies after a little while took a roſe from her boſom and preſented it to Henry at the ſame time ſinging with great ſweetneſs the following lines:

With bluſhing modeſty ſhe glows,
And from her boſom takes a roſe,
Accept my Corydon! ſhe cries,
With ſweeteſt look, and downcaſt eyes,
Accept from me this fading flower—
He ſcarce can live another hour,

Yet while 'tis freſh, O let it be
A dear remembrancer of me!
Raſh ſleep,
Slaſh deep,
Loory loory loo.

A loud and general applauſe teſtified the company's delight at this ſong, and in a little time afterwards, the principal male figure chaunted with a baſs voice the enſuing ſtanza.

The Muſes nine, and Graces three,
Do all unanimous agree:
The Muſes firſt, that all they can impart
Of excellence is in your heart;
That all their wit and ſenſe is in your mind
Pure as the golden ore, and as refined:
The Graces next, with reverence declare,
By merit you have ta'en their ſhape and air,

Thus

Thus the Nine Muſes in your mind we ſee,
And in your lovely form the Graces Three.
Ever dare,
Never ſpare,
Hooly, cooly, kill.

This laſt ſong occaſioned a vaſt expanſion of merriment, when one of the ladies dropped her maſk.—Henry in aſtoniſhment cried out 'What! Miſs Louiſa Singleton?' To which ſhe replied, 'Yes, ſir, the very ſame whom you uſed to viſit at her papa's, near Rocheſter.' All the company now unmaſked, and the Duke de Belcour explained the whole joke, Madame Lebon rallying Henry prodigiouſly on his late alarm. They all enquired eagerly after Arabella, and the nature of his hopes.

He

He gave them in conſequence a full account of the laſt campaign, and then taking Madmoiſelle Roubilliere by the hand, began the ball without further ceremony. The peaſants of the neighbouring diſtricts haſtened at the ſound of the merry tabor, and Duvergois watched an opportunity to give his maſter's letter to the gardiner, with the ſtricteſt injunction to be careful. The pictures now were all brought out and examined with a critical eye both by the corporal and the innkeeper, on which account the ſale was deferred till the morrow, and the Commandant politely invited them all to dinner on the ſucceeding Tueſday.

Thus

So ended this tragical adventure, and Henry's ſpirits having been recruited by nine hours ſleep, he attended the parade with more than his uſual alacrity, thus dedicating his ſoul to honor and Arabella, and proving at leaſt the truth of the ſublime lines in Cato.

'Tis not for mortals to command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deſerve it.'

Chapter

Chapter 15.

THE STRUGGLES OF VIRTUE PREVAIL.

FOR ſeveral days Arabella devoted her whole thoughts to her dearly beloved Henry, and regretted more and more the fatal cauſe of their ſeparation. Sometimes grief would riſe to its achmé in her mind, and ſhe was frantic with deſpair; again ſhe would ſink into the ſoft calm of melancholy. But time with its rapid wing kept flying by, yet brought her no intelligence of the object that moſt intereſted her feeling heart. At the end of the week, however,

however, ſhe received a letter from the valuable ſuffering Amelia; but O! what was the agitation of her mind when ſhe peruſed the contents.

THE LETTER.

'My dear, amiable, lovely and excellent Arabella,

For the future I will always miſtruſt moſt when appearances look faireſt. O your poor friend! what has ſhe not ſuffered ſince ſhe left you, and Oh! you ſhall hear what a vile and unwomanly part that wicked Marchioneſs has acted. Take, then, the dreadful ſtory, as well as I can relate it.

The

The maid Martha is a little apt to drink if ſhe can get at liquor, and having chanced to find a bottle of cherry brandy, the wench drank more of it than ſhe ſhould, for which ſhe was ſoundly rated by the Marchioneſs, who ordered her to go and ſleep off her liquor before we came to bed.

About two hours after, which was near eleven o'clock, the Marchioneſs and I went up to go to bed; I pleaſing myſelf with what a charming night I ſhould have. Poor Martha was ſitting faſt aſleep, in an elbow chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. The Marchioneſs ſaid,

'there is that beaſt of a wench faſt aſleep, inſtead of being abed! I knew, ſhe had taken a fine doſe.' 'I'll wake her,' ſaid I. 'No don't,' ſaid ſhe, 'let her ſleep on, we ſhall lie better without her,' and indeed I thought ſo, for it appeared to me rather ſtrange to ſleep three in a bed.

The Marchioneſs by this time was got to-bed, on the farther ſide, to make room for the maid when ſhe ſhould awake. I got into bed and lay cloſe to her. 'Put your arm under mine,' ſaid the wicked Marchioneſs; ſo I did, and the abominable Lady held my hand with her right-

right-hand, as my right arm was under her left.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour, I ſaid, 'There's poor Martha awake, I hear her ſtir.' 'Let us go to ſleep,' ſaid her Ladyſhip, 'and not mind her.'

At that, Martha ſat down by the bed-ſide and began to undreſs. I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and ſhort: 'Indeed,' ſaid I, 'the poor maid is not well; what ails you, Mrs. Martha?' but no anſwer was given.

But I ſhudder to relate it. She came into bed, trembling like an

Aſpen-leaf, and I, poor fool that I was, pitied her much. What words ſhall I find, my dear Arabella, to deſcribe the reſt, and my confuſion, when the guilty wretch, (who was no other than Lord Mahogany himſelf) took my left arm, and laid it under his neck, and the vile Marchioneſs held my right, and then he claſped me round the waiſt.

Said I 'Is the wench mad? Why how now Confidence!' thinking ſtill it had been Martha. But he kiſſed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder. 'Now Amelia,' ſaid his Lordſhip, 'is the dreadful time of reckoning come'. I ſcreamed out

out in ſuch a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me, and both my hands were ſecured, as I ſaid. Sure never poor ſoul was in ſuch agonies as I.

Says he, 'One word with you, Amelia! hear me but one word, and hitherto you ſee I offer nothing to you? 'Is this *nothing?*' ſaid I, 'to be in bed here? to hold my hands between you! I *will hear*, if you will both inſtantly leave the bed.'

Said the Marchioneſs (O diſgrace of womankind!) 'What you do, my Lord, do; do'nt ſtand dilly-dallying; ſhe cannot exclaim worſe than ſhe

has done: and ſhe'll be quieter when ſhe knows the worſt.'

He now put his hand in my boſom: with ſtruggling and ſorrow I fainted away quite, and did not come to myſelf ſoon; ſo that they both, from the cold ſweats that I was in, thought me dying.

Your poor Amelia cannot anſwer for the liberties taken with her, in her deplorable ſtate of death, but when I recovered my ſenſes, his Lordſhip ſolemnly, and with a bitter imprecation vowed that he had not offered the leaſt indecency, that he was frightened at the terrible manner I was taken with the fit: that he

ſhould

ſhould deſiſt from his attempt; and begged but to ſee me eaſy and quiet, and he would leave me directly and go to his own bed. 'O then,' ſaid I, 'take with you this vile Marchioneſs, as an earneſt that I may believe you.'

'And will you, my Lord,' ſaid the wicked Lady, 'for a fit or two, give up ſuch an opportunity as this? I thought you had known the ſex better. She is now, you ſee, quite well again!'

This I heard; more ſhe might ſay; but I fainted away once more, at theſe words, and at his claſping his arms about me again. When I

came a little to myſelf, I found that his Lordſhip was gone, and Mrs. Dorothy Webſter holding a ſmelling bottle to my noſe, and no Marchioneſs.

This O my beloved Arabella, was a moſt dreadful trial! I tremble ſtill to think of it, and dare not recal all the horrid circumſtances, though I hope, as his lordſhip aſſures me, that he was not guilty of indecency.

I ſhall leave this naughty houſe tomorrow, and go to my couſin Filby's at Margate. I fear you will not think the lace fine enough, but it was the beſt the pickleſalmon man had to diſpoſe of, or you may be ſure I ſhould have

have waited till Miſs St. George had returned from the north; but that not having been the caſe, I will no longer treſpaſs on your patience than to ſubſcribe myſelf, deareſt Arabella,

Your truly affectionate

AMELIA DE GONZALES.'

Fairy-Lodge, Friday 17th.

Having peruſed this lamentable epiſtle, the blooming Arabella wrapped in the inſenſibility of private ſorrow, ſuffered herſelf to be arrayed for dinner. Serene dejection ſat upon her countenance, and her mild eyes were expreſſive of the reſignation ſhe had impoſed upon a heart alive to every ſentiment of friendſhip and benevolence.

As ſoon as dinner was at an end, Arabella, in company with the eldeſt Miſs Appleby, took a walk upon the common, and near farmer Rigby's ſtile, ſhe obſerved a ſmall piece of folded paper on the ground, which ſhe took up, and to her great ſurprize, found it to contain the following lively verſes addreſſed to herſelf.

TO THE HEAVENLY MISS ARABELLA BLOOMVILLE.

What proof ſhall I give of my paſſion,
Or how ſhall I ſtruggle with fate?
Arabella! ſince cards came in faſhion,
You've mark'd me an object of hate.

I'd have willingly fought with the devil,
And grateful have been, to be ſlain,

For

For I ſuffer indefinite evil,
And warble alone to complain.

Like a madman I ſcour o'er the vallies,
Unobſerv'd like a mite in a cheeſe,
For 'tis the criterion of malice
To laugh at my efforts to pleaſe.

Now I ſnuff the freſh air of the morning,
In a tranſport of ſorrow— becauſe
You treat me with flouting and ſcorning,
But hold, it is time I ſhould pauſe.

ENDYMION.

Arabella now returned home more tranquil and ſerene than ſhe had been for many months.

Chapter 16.

A MISTAKE, AND A MOST INTERESTING ARRIVAL.

IT was one of thoſe ſoft mild evenings when ſcarcely a wandering zephyr preſumes to diſturb the tranquility of nature. The ſetting ſun had thrown a yellow glow on the huge maſſes of grey marble, whoſe crevices here and there afforded a ſcanty ſubſiſtence to lickens and moſs campion, while the deſolate barrenneſs of other parts added to that threatening aſpect with which they ſeemed to hang over the wandering traveller, when Henry leaping from his horſe, caſt himſelf at the

the foot of an aged oak, in a ſtate between indifference and deſpair. ‘ How long’ cried he ‘ am I to be the ſport of fortune, how long ſeparated from the arms of the angelic Arabella the ſole miſtreſs of my heart? Had my uncle Parkinſon foreſeen my ſufferings, he would never have permitted the baſe triumph of Lord Mahogany to have embittered all my hopes, nor have relied upon the promiſes of Sir Matthew Sullivan to extricate me from my difficulties. Peace will now probably be ſoon eſtabliſhed, and thoſe who fell in battle will be mourned in vain, more eſpecially ſince the ridiculous and diſaſtrous war has been ſo completely unſucceſsful. Yet what of that? If I return home

can I be ſure of the ſettled conſolation which all my endeavours have tended to procure me? Is not General Barton my bitter enemy, and can I ſtand alone againſt ſo powerful a confederacy?'

Here an involuntary ſigh eſcaped him, for he looked back with ſoft regret to thoſe times, when Mrs. Marmaduke cheriſhed his youthful propenſities in her ſweet retirement. He called to mind the intereſting period when the tear of friendſhip bedewed her bridal eye—ſuddenly he recollected that ſhe was now no more, that ſhe was alas! the ſilent tenant of the grave. The conflict was too much to bear, for his love for Arabella

bella was more ardent than ever, and the pangs of abſence more inſupportable.

He therefore determined to unboſom himſelf to his friend Ferguſſon, and conſult with him what was beſt to be done in the preſent criſis of his ſituation. Ferguſſon he knew to be a tall well-looking young man with a good heart and an excellent underſtanding, but he dreaded leſt the influence of ſome artful female might draw his ſecret forth, if he ſhould confide in him too far, and thus ruin all his projects. At times indeed he felt ſome little indignation both againſt Jennings and him for the trick they had put upon him relative to the veniſon

niſon feaſt, but that matter had now blown over, and he generouſly made allowances for their inconſiderate inattention.

While he was yet wavering, the landlord waited upon him, and offered to purchaſe his greyhounds, aſſuring him at the ſame time, that Lord Thomas Groves had ſlept there the night before, and had praiſed the wine very much.

Henry however was deaf to all his entreaties, and totally forgot to make the neceſſary enquiries after Lucinda Howard, which mortified the old Baronet's pride a good deal, for though he was of an open jovial character,

character, yet he knew the value of land as well as any man, and had absolutely refuſed a peerage from principle.

In a paroxyſm of grief therefore Henry retired early to his chamber, and calling for a boiled fowl and a bottle of Burton ale, in a few hours compoſed the following beautiful acroſtic, as a tribute of admiration and eſteem to the unrivalled excellence of Arabella.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE LOVELY ARABELLA.

May all the gods approve my tender love,
Yes, all the gods, the Pagan gods above!
Wiſe ſhe is truly, gentle, good, and kind,
In body active, and ſublime in mind;

Fond

Fond as a turtle dove—O may ſhe be
Eternally, what this acroſtic means, to me!

The waiter now ran into the room with a note, which he ſaid a little boy had that moment left at the bar—Henry broke open the ſeal with eager anxiety and read as follows:

'My dear friend,

It is with great grief, I confeſs, that I heard, the quantity of gooſe you ate yeſterday has occaſioned you a pain in your ſide; you ſhould keep yourſelf warm by a good fire, and ſit quiet in an elbow chair. I have ſeen a receipt for this diſorder in a book that is now out of print. But

I will

I will not tire your patience any further; leſt you grow melancholy, and loſe the memory of former amuſements, which we are apt to regret when they have taken flight from us. I ſhall therefore lay down my pen for the preſent, though I would reſume it in a ſecond, had I any good news to ſend you.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours affectionately,

BRIDGET CAWTHORNE.'

Henry Lambert was very much irritated by this fooliſh miſtake, and curſing heartily both the Doctor and Bridget Cawthorne, ſtepped into a poſt chaiſe, and deſiring the lad to make all poſſible haſte, fell aſleep in the

the corner, while his ſtill active imagination was delighted with the hovering phantom of Arabella. The bluſh of innocence, the glow of artleſs beauty, bloomed on her cherub cheek, the milk of ſweetneſs hung upon her tongue.

In the mean time, Arabella had not been out long before the chill and gloomy appearance encreaſed, and darkneſs coming on, ſhe ſlowly and reluctantly returned to the houſe. She heard a little before ſhe quitted the road, the rattling of a chaiſe, but not attending to it, ſhe did not even diſtinguiſh whether it might belong to any perſon of the place, or to ſome traveller. She entered the parlour,

parlour, and ſat down by the card table, where the Earl having performed his evening's taſk, had juſt reſigned his place to Mr. M^c^Intoſh. Suddenly a voice was heard in the paſſage, enquiring for Lady Langley. 'My Lady is within ſir,' replied the man. 'And who are with her?' 'The Earl of Pocklington, Mr. Paul Dodſworth, Mrs. Kemp, the three Miſs Bernards, Doctor Browne, Miſs Bloomville, General Barton, Sir Obediah Loftus'—the ſervant was going on, when the enquirer ſaid vehemently, 'It is enough—let me however ſee them.' Arabella at the ſound of this voice, had ſtarted from her chair—the ſecond ſentence it uttered, affected her ſtill more; but

ſhe

ſhe had no time to anſwer the eager enquiry of Mr. Thomas Jackſon, 'What is the matter?' before the parlour door opened; and pale, breathleſs, with an expreſſion to which only the pencil can do juſtice, ſhe ſaw before her the figure of Henry Lambert.

There was agony and deſperation in his looks. He gaſped, like a fiſh in fits—he would have ſpoken but could not. The company all roſe in ſilence. Lady Langley who hardly knew him even by ſight, looked at Arabella for an explanation, which ſhe was unable to give.—At length, Henry, as if by an effort of paſſionate phrenzy, approached Arabella,

bella, and ſaid in a hurried and inarticulate way, ‘ I would ſpeak to you, Madam,—though—to—this gentleman, I ſuppoſe,’ and he turned to General Barton, ‘ I muſt apply for permiſſion.’

Arabella could not conjecture why he looked ſo little in his ſenſes—She ſat down—for her limbs refuſed to ſupport her—and faintly ſaid or tried to ſay, ‘ I hope I ſee Captain Lambert well.’

Lady Langley then addreſſed herſelf to him—deſired him to take a chair, and to do her the honor of ſtaying ſupper with her. He heard or heeded her not—but, with fixed eyes,

eyes, gazing on Arabella, he ſtruck his hands together, and cried—while the violence of his emotion choaked him—'It is all over then—I have loſt her—and have nothing to do here—No, by heaven I cannot bear it.' He then turned away, and left the room as haſtily as he had entered it.

'My dear Arabella!' cried Lady Langley, 'what does all this mean? Do, General Barton--for Miſs Bloomville is, I perceive, much alarmed—do, ſpeak to Mr. Lambert—I am really concerned to ſee him in ſuch a ſituation.'

'No,' ſaid Arabella, who would

not for the world have had General Barton follow him—'No; I will go myſelf after him.'—Her fears gave her reſolution, and without heeding General Barton, who would have prevented her, ſhe hurrried after Henry, and overtook him juſt as he was quitting the houſe.

'Dear ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'Dear Henry!' At thoſe well known ſounds once ſo precious to him, he turned round—She took his hand—'I am very ſorry to ſee you' continued ſhe, 'in ſuch agitation of ſpirits—I am afraid ſomething is wrong.'

'Wrong,' cried he, 'wrong! and do you Arabella, inhuman Arabella, inſult

inſult me with ſuch an enquiry? Wrong!—am I not the moſt curſed of human beings?'

'I hope not' interrupted ſhe, 'for your happineſs'—ſhe knew no longer what ſhe meant to ſay; nor did he give her time to recollect; for eagerly rivetting his eyes on her face, and graſping her hands between his—he cried 'My happineſs!—and what of my happineſs? Is it not gone, loſt for ever?—Have you not deſtroyed it? Damnation and diſtraction—Why do I linger here?' He then plunged away, and ruſhed out of the door, where Duvergois waited for him with the chaiſe.

Chapter 17.

REGRET AND LAMENTATION.

GENERAL Barton's grandmother had been long in a declining ſtate, and for the laſt thirty years had afforded little hopes of a permanent recovery—but ſhe was now rapidly approaching

'That undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourne,
No traveller returns.*'

Lucinda Howard deſcended haſtily to fetch the General—prepared him

* Shakeſpeare.

for the pity-moving ſpectacle, and introduced him to his dying grandmother. She had requeſted to be raiſed, and ſupported by her pillows: ſtrong agitation convulſed her frame, and, for a few moments, ſhe was deprived of the power of utterance. An interval of calm ſucceeded—ſhe extended her emaciated arms.—The General who underſtood the ſign, ſuffered her to embrace him; the drops of ſoft humanity, wrung from his feeling heart, fell upon her cheek. A ghoſtly ſmile illumined her haggard eyes—ſhe looſed her feeble hold—then faintly articulated 'I am forgiven, I am happy!' and ſinking on her pillow, inſtantly expired.

A ſcene

A ſcene ſo mournful, and a death ſo ſudden, awfully affected the gay Sir Charles Atkinſon, and the lovely Lucinda Howard. The General ſupported the latter from the breathleſs corpſe of his grandmother. Lady Langley was no leſs ſhocked at an event, little expected to take place ſo ſoon. She ſent a complimentary meſſage, but was herſelf too much indiſpoſed to admit an interview. At length, being tolerably recovered, ſhe was attended to the carriage by her two companions, and ſet out on her return to London. The ſpirits of this amiable woman had been ſo much affected by the penitence and death of Lady Barton, for whom ſhe once felt the tendereſt friendſhip,

that ſhe was ſome time confined to her chamber. There ſhe ſhed freſh tears to the renewed remembrance of her beloved huſband, whoſe injurious conduct never could eraſe him from her affections.

During this interval, Mr. Simon Walford, the ſteward of the late Lady Barton, attended his new maſter, who was ſoon fixed in the ſecure poſſeſſion of the inheritance of his anceſtors: but the General was dead to every pleaſure fortune could beſtow. This amiable man whoſe attentions during her illneſs, and anxiety for her recovery, could not have been exceeded even towards the wife of his choice, was ſenſibly touched

touched by her ſudden fate!—With undiſſembled tears he mourned her death, and tenderly regretted her removal from a world, to which ſhe had been too fondly attached! In contemplating the ghaſtly form, that once glowed with animated beauty, how does the thinking mind moralize upon the vanity of ſhort-lived pleaſures!

The grief, the anguiſh of the General, is not to be deſcribed: that heart alone can ſympathize with ſuch ſenſations, which has experienced ſuch a loſs. The revival of his grandmother's virtues obliterated the impreſſion of her failings:—he remembered only the dignity of her form, and the graces of her mind!—

nor could all his philoſophic reſolution ſupport with fortitude, this unexpected ſtroke of fortune! He felt, bereaved of every ſocial joy, the comfort of his life—deſerted and forlorn! Thus the fair blooming branches cropped from the venerable tree, are left unſheltered, to the rude elements and boiſterous tempeſt!

Scarce could the gentle force of friendſhip drag this heart-ſtricken General from the deformed remains of what was once his grandmother. Fixed like a ſtatue, he gazed upon her face! then ſmote his gallant breaſt, and with a ſmile of anguiſh thus exclaimed.

'Yes,

'Yes, it is paſt! the only tie of nature that remained to attach me to exiſtence, is now diſſolved!—Life has no more a charm, nor death a pang for me! O thou who lately wert ſo kind, ſo talkative, ſo venerable!—thou art fled for ever—the ravages of ſickneſs have defaced thine awe-inſpiring wrinkles, and left thee a ſpectacle of horror! O my grandmother! my grandmother!'

Thus did the afflicted General vent his ſoul's anguiſh; neither when borne from this ſcene of deſolation, did his piercing lamentation ceaſe:—ſtill he addreſſed the inviſible object of his ſorrows, till overwhelmed with grief, he ſunk into a ſilent ſtupor.

Several gentlemen of a neighbouring county who were only acquainted with her Ladyſhip's merit, but had no perſonal knowledge of her, cauſed an elegant marble monument to be erected to her memory in Langley church, and one of the firſt poets of the age furniſhed the following beautiful epitaph, which for dirge-like ſimplicity, and ſtriking pathos, has ſeldom been equalled, and never excelled. Every line goes directly to the heart. Lady Barton had a fine poetical vein herſelf, and had unfortunately been ſubject to fits of inſanity, beſides which it is reported of her, that in her latter days ſhe would never read any book but the bible. All theſe circumſtances are feelingly

feelingly touched upon by the above-mentioned bard.

The Epitaph.

Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune ſacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Lady Barton's name
Solicits kindneſs with a double claim!
Tho' nature gave her, and tho' ſcience taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought;
Severely, doom'd to ſuffer grief's extreme,
She paſs'd, in madd'ning pain, life's fev'riſh dream;
While rays of genius only ſerv'd to ſhew
The thick'ning horror, and exalt her woe.
Ye walls that eccho'd to her frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful ſtone!
Strangers to her, enamour'd of her lays,
This fond memorial to her talents raiſe.
For this the aſhes of a Fair require
Who touch'd the tend'reſt notes of pity's lyre;

Who

Who join'd pure faith to ſtrong poetic powers,
Who in reviving reaſon's lucid hours
Sought on one book her troubled mind to reſt,
And rightly deem'd the book of God the beſt.

Chapter

Chapter 18.

NEW CHARACTERS, AND A LEARNED DISSERTATION.

MRS. DE MALTHE was a Lady of very ſhining qualities, and the fineſt ariſtocratic ſenſations; her noble ambition was to form ſplendid connections, and to be admitted into the ſociety of the great. To gratify this wiſe wiſh, ſhe ſacrificed all other conſiderations. She wrote books, ſhe gave balls and concerts, and ſhe dreſſed, for no other purpoſe, but the attainment of this her favourite object. She was fully and properly perſuaded that kings can do no wrong,

wrong, and that they were authorized by heaven to maſſacre and plunder their own ſubjects, and to deſolate the world at their pleaſure. She profeſſed herſelf the moſt loyal of all human Beings; was a praiſeworthy, orthodox believer, yet with religious enthuſiaſm ſhe would have doomed all men to the flames, who even ſuffered themſelves to doubt on any article of faith which ſhe had adopted. For the majority of mankind, who languiſh in hovels, and wither away by hard labour, ſhe had little compaſſion. She thought that they were only ſent into the world to pay tithes and taxes, and by their inceſſant exertions to procure luxuries and amuſements for the rich

and

and powerful. To be diſtinguiſhed as a woman of learning, ſhe had ranſacked all the indexes of books of ſcience, and of the claſſics; her writings and diſcourſe were larded with ſcraps of Latin and Greek, with far-fetched alluſions, and obſolete quotations. Her manners were affectedly eaſy, and vulgarly refined; ſhe was alſo more remarkable for her profeſſions of ſincerity, than for the ſincerity of her profeſſions. In her converſation ſhe was frequently lively and ſometimes entertaining, and at all times knew better how to pleaſe than to attach. She had confirmed all her old prejudices by travelling, and had acquired new ones, and hated a philoſopher as much as ſhe feared the devil.

To this Lady, who was now retired into Wales, having been diſguſted by the neglect of the faſhionable world, the intereſting and lovely Miſs Lucinda Howard went to pay a viſit, hoping, amidſt the wild ſcenery of mountains and natural caſcades, to be able to indulge her romantic paſſion more tranquilly, than ſhe could do among large aſſemblies, and the public amuſements of high life.

Mrs. De Malthe received her with ſmiles and apparent gratitude, and endeavoured to ſoothe her tender grief, by every ſpecies of rural entertainment. She introduced her to all her Welch friends, and ſtrove to gratify her by Cambrian feſtivity, but

but in vain—the penetrating flame of jealouſy had congealed her heart, and the lightning flaſhes of ſtruggling virtue dragged her heavily on through a chaos of diſappointment. The lake might bubble on the valley's breaſt, or the pine-grove ſhake its hoary honours through the glade, but without effect. The diſtant water-fall loſt its mild murmurs in the air, and feebly died upon her ſenſes.

Lucinda felt with additional anxiety for the fate of her Arabella, and mingling her friend's ſenſations with her own, arrived ſpeedily at that ſtate of rending apathy, when the nerves relax before the tempeſt of diſappointment.

Muſick

Muſick and poetry were now her only reſources, but from theſe ſhe found occaſional relief, from theſe ſhe learnt that ſolemn patience which ſubmits to what it cannot reſiſt, and flies from an ungrateful and turbulent world, to the calm and ſilent abyſs of ſolitude and oblivion.

Henry's duel, ſhe well knew, muſt rend the feelings of the too ſuſceptible Arabella, with ineffable diſtreſs, and though the conſequences had been leſs fatal than might at firſt have been ſuſpected, yet ſhe dared not mention the circumſtance to Mrs. De Malthe, leſt her extatic ſenſibility ſhould be ſhaken in the extreme.

She

She ſometimes thought of haſtily returning to the metropolis, but then again her heart failed her, and ſhe determined to carry the ſecret with her to the grave.

On one of theſe awful occaſions, ſhe compoſed the ſubſequent poem, which Mrs. De Malthe declared, was equal in imagery to any of the moſt admired works of Jeremiah Drexelius himſelf, had all the rich colouring which diſtinguiſhed the animated pencil of Giotto, and was indeed a bright exanthema of the muſe.

The Poem.

Where will at laſt my wretched wand'rings end?
Where ſhall I find contentment and a friend?

Not

Not ſuch as grandeur, in its poliſh'd trim,
Lends honeſt faith in charities of whim:
Not ſuch as Clodio, with a boaſting mood,
Affords his neareſt relatives in blood;
Whom famiſh'd nature to his gates has borne,
The bitter pittance of his hand to mourn:
Not ſuch as ſycophants from fools obtain,
The tranſient earneſt of a venal ſtrain!
Or new created inſolence affords,*
Mongrels in rank, and viſionary lords!
But ſuch as freedom, with unclouded mind
Can dare receive, and publiſh to mankind:
Where friendſhip, careful of its friend in need,
Prevents the burning bluſh, and hides the deed.

On every ſide by diſappointment foil'd,
With hopes deceiv'd, and promiſes turmoil'd,
Misfortune gathers on my ſick'ning eye,
And melancholy prompts the gnawing ſigh.

* Mrs. De Malthe rather objected to this and the five following lines as being *low*, and denoting an improper democratic ſpirit.

And

And can my friend, whom heav'n has kindly bleſt
With ev'ry comfort of the human breaſt,
Whoſe deareſt pleaſure is to ſoothe diſtreſs,
Its ſorrow ſoften, and its ſigh repreſs,
To eaſe, by ſtealth the miſeries of life,
And ſcatter roſes o'er the thorns of ſtrife—
And can my friend the memory renew
Of ſcenes to which I breath'd a long adieu!
When anguiſh viſiting ſecluded care,
Within the deep receſſes of deſpair
Her dwelling takes; ah! what avails it then
To talk of friendſhip or the ties of men?
Ah! what avails it from ourſelves to fly,
Or mingle comfort with affliction's ſigh?
Lull'd for a time the bitt'reſt grief may reſt,
To wake with tenfold anguiſh in the breaſt.

And if the ſolace of De Malthe is vain,
What other balm can mitigate my pain?
Oh that oblivion could enwrap the whole,
And cloſe each information of my ſoul!

Contented

Contented then, this reſtleſs heart at eaſe,
No friends to promiſe, and no views to teaſe;
Unknown to all the flatt'ry which beguiles
Full many a youth, and ruins with its ſmiles;
Unknown to luxury's deceitful ways,
The wanton libertine, the villain's praiſe,
In rural peace my ſpotleſs hours might run,
My wiſhes equal, and my proſpects one!
E'en thou, mad love! thou tyrant of mankind,
Faithleſs to all, to *me* the moſt unkind;
Save education, firſt and direſt foe!
From which, with knowledge, all my ſorrows flow—
E'en thou, mad love! my troubled heart wouldſt ſpare,
And ſcatter comfort LIKE A RUSSIAN BEAR.

When the tender-hearted Lucinda had finiſhed the reading of her delightful compoſition, Mrs. De Malthe thus affectionately addreſſed her.

'I have

'I have liſtened my dear love! with the utmoſt attention to your ſweet and ſuperexcellent poem, and am ſo convinced of your taſte and abilities that I would adviſe you to extend your reading through the whole circle of ſcience and literature. Amongſt other things I would recommend the ſtudy of medals, for experience has taught us that there are ſome medals of Herod I. ſurnamed the great, on one ſide whereof is found Ἡρωδου, and on the other Εθναρχου, that is, Herod *the ethnarch*. After the battle of Philippi, we read that Anthony paſſing over into Syria, conſtituted Herod and Phaſael his brother *tetrarchs*, and in that quality committed to them the adminiſtration of the affairs of Judea.

Joſephus indeed gives Herod the appellation of *tetrarch* inſtead of that of *ethnarch*; but the two terms come ſo near each other, that it is eaſy to confound them together. With regard to the word *gehenna*, which is a ſcripture term, and if I miſtake not occurs in St Matthew, it has given the critics ſome pain. The authors of the Louvain and Geneva verſions retain the word *gehenna* as it ſtands in the Greek; the like does Monſieur Simon: the Engliſh tranſlators render it by hell and hell-fire, and ſo do the tranſlators of Mons and father Bohours. The word in my opinion is formed from the Hebrew *gehinnon*, that is, valley of Hinnom. In that valley which was near Jeruſalem, there

there was a place named *Tophet* where ſome Jews ſacrificed their children to Moloch, by making them paſs through the fire—King Joſias, to render this place for ever abominable, made a cloaca or common ſewer thereof, where all the filth and carcaſſes in the city were thrown. Now you muſt know, my dear! the Jews obſerve farther, that there was a continual fire kept up there to burn and conſume thoſe carcaſſes ſomehow; for which reaſon, as they had no proper term in their language to ſignify hell, I cannot but believe that they made uſe of the expreſſion *gehenna* or *gehinnon*, to denote a fire unextinguiſhable. You have heard my charming dear! of the two ſorts of

faſti, the greater and the leſs, the former being diſtinguiſhed by the appellation *faſti magiſtrales*, and the latter by that of *faſti kalendares*. *Faſti*, or *dies faſti*, alſo denoted court days. The words *faſti faſtorum* is formed of the verb *fari*, to ſpeak, becauſe during thoſe days, the courts were opened, cauſes might be heard, and the Prætor was allowed *fari*, to pronounce the three words, *do*, *dico*, *addico*: the other days wherein this was prohibited were called *nefaſti*: thus Ovid

Ille nefaſtus erit, per quem tria verba ſilentur:
Faſtus erit, per quem lege licebit agi.

But I fear my charming Precious! that I fatigue you by theſe fooliſh learned

learned alluſions; you had much rather I doubt not, ſweet dear! diſcuſs the *ſit* of a cap, and the fall of a flounce, becauſe, you have ſo correct a taſte in muſick, and ſing ſo ſeraphically, that you run away with all the mens' hearts, pretty love!'

'Hah!' ſaid Miſs Maleverer, ſmiling on Mrs. De Malthe, 'you have hit the right nail upon the head, believe me, madam!' Lucinda could not ſtand it, ſhe turned away to conceal her bluſhes, and the Parſon, pitying her embarraſſment, broke up the party.

Chapter 19.

THE BEAUTIES OF LETTER WRITING.

THE ſorrows of the penſive Arabella encreaſed every hour—ſhe knew not where to look for conſolation—all was dreary—no ſunny ray to gild the diſtant proſpect. Her Henry gone—Ah whither? Mrs. Marmaduke totally forgotten—and no news whatever from her beloved Amelia de Gonzales. The clouds of woe that inundated her afflicted heart, would never more, ſhe feared, bloſſom into hope—but her chain of reaſoning was now interrupted by the

entrance of Margaret Grimes who preſented her with a letter, and who having ſeated herſelf in an arm-chair, with her ſcalded leg upon a ſtool, liſtened with great attention to its contents.

To Miss Arabella Bloomville.

'My dear Arabella!

A thouſand thanks are due to my deareſt friend for her kind kind letter. If ever I deviate from the path of duty I ſhould be inexcuſable: I write without reſerve, and indeed I never harboured a thought I wiſh to conceal from you: no my dear Bloomville! you ſhall ever be the repoſitory of

of my thoughts, and the guide of my actions.

I was ſo delighted on the receipt of your letter that I retired to my chamber to give it an attentive peruſal. The gay Miſs Macnamara, hearing where I was, burſt into the room, 'Hey-day!' ſhe cried, 'what but ten days in town, and have already received a love epiſtle as long as a law indenture? Well who is it?

'Oh! anſwer me,
'Let me not burſt in ignorance.'

Indeed, ſaid I, my dear Miſs Macnamara, you are miſtaken: this is from my Arabella. To convince, her, I

read ſome parts of it, and will ſend you a few of her comments. The firſt general one was 'Your Arabella, child, is certainly the offspring of Jupiter's brain, I wiſh you would lend her letter to Mr. Danby, to take into the pulpit with him next Sunday. I'll ſwear he never preached ſo exquiſite a ſermon. Lord, how my head would have ached after writing ſo much.' My dear Arabella, ſaid I, is fond of writing and reading, and we have, by a country life, a great deal of time for theſe amuſements; and for my own part I muſt confeſs, though I like town for a few weeks, yet the country is my choice for conſtant reſidence. What charming walks! how pleaſant to hear the

whiſtling

whiſtling of birds, the bleating of ſheep, and to ſee the people employed in ruſtic buſineſs.

'No more, no more,' exclaimed Miſs Macnamara: 'O! defend me from being buried in the country.'

'Sans *balls*, ſans *plays*, ſans taſte, ſans every 'thing.'

Take my word for it, as honeſt Ranger ſays, thou art a mighty ſilly girl. You find I *do* read—I have read plays, child, innumerable. Romances are too long and tireſome. Novels that are full of the marvellous and ſurpriſing, I can't attend to.'

In this manner ſhe ran on till it was time to go to the play, 'What is the play, Emily?' ſaid ſhe with her uſual vivacity; I could not inform her—'Why, it is the Fool, written by Captain Vataſs, do you know the Captain?—he is an amazing *quis*—great whiſkers—no ſkirts. Ha ha ha!'

And when we were at the play, every gentleman who came into the box was an *ugly devil*, or a *handſome toad*; but with Sir Peter Mapletoft, the aſſiduous Sir Peter, ſhe was inceſſantly chatting, ſometimes laughing at him, at other times enquiring after every unknown face. Then ridiculing every diſagreeable or unfaſhionable appearance with ſo much humour,

humour, that though I was vexed at the interruption, and could not approve her ſatirical talents, it was impoſſible to forbear laughing.

I called on her next morning, and found her playing with her monkey, and lap-dog. I aſked her how ſhe could chuſe to loſe time ſo. 'Child,' ſaid ſhe, with an affected gravity, 'do you underſtand the nature of time? Time, as Mr. Lock obſerves, is a ſucceſſion of ideas. Now, my dear, it is evident no perſon can have a quicker ſucceſſion of ideas than I; *conſequently* I can't loſe time, ſince I enjoy its very eſſence, what conſtitutes *its exiſtence*. Heigh ho! I have almoſt done tormenting the men,

men, poor devils—I am almoſt married;—why ſurely, ſaid I, you are ſatisfied with your choice? 'Satisfied! you little foolatum,' interrupted ſhe, 'why to be ſure, I ſhould not have given the man ſuch hopes of happineſs, if I had preferred any other—but I had, notwithſtanding, rather live ſingle. Though, on ſecond thoughts, I don't know what to ſay—he is a good-natured genteel creature enough—a ſimpleton, *I believe*. You are perhaps convinced of it; but no matter; many a huſband is made a fool of; now my *intended* is naturally ſuch, more reputable for me, let me tell you.'

Our

Our converſation was here interrupted by the monkey, who having obſerved her playing with a beautiful dreſs cap, ſnatched it out of her hands, and pulling it with his teeth and fingers, ſoon rendered it unfit for uſe. O you miſchievous little devil,' ſhe cried, 'what are you about? See, Amelia! nay don't interrupt him, how prettily the toad holds the lace. My ſweet pug, if it had been worth a thouſand pounds, I muſt have laughed as I do now at thy roguery!'

She then catched him up, and in the preſence of George Stapleton kiſſed him ſeveral times. The little animal ſeemed to enjoy the frolic,

and

and looked as if he wiſhed for another prey. I was fearful my muſlin petticoat might be his next attempt, and I found Miſs Macnamara did not chuſe to diſappoint him. I took leave ſooner than I ſhould have done, if ſhe had been quite alone, or had had better company.

I ſhall expect another letter from my dear Arabella, with as much impatience as the firſt; and while I wiſh to merit her approbation, I entreat her never to ſpare any deſerved reproof. It can be only by purſuing the advice of the beſt of friends, and attempting to copy the model of her example, I can become worthy of her eſteem; which, with a continuance

nuance of her affection, is eſſentially neceſſary to complete the happineſs of

her ever affectionate friend

AMELIA DE GONZALES.'

P. S. I yeſterday was in company with the young Charles Grandiſon; he is a wild ſpirited youth, and totally unlike his grandfather the celebrated Sir Charles, who is ſtill alive. He ſaid, which made us all laugh, 'The old ſquare toes continues to wear a full ſuit of gold laced cloaths, with bag and ſword; he bows upon Lady Grandiſon's ſhrivelled hand twenty times in an hour, gives every body advice, and takes the air in his chariot and ſix.' Adieu.

Margaret

Margaret Grimes being faſt aſleep, and Arabella herſelf feeling much inclined to yawn, ſhe drew from her pocket the miniature portrait of her adorable Henry, and gazing on it with a ſteadfaſt look, fetched a deep ſigh, and retired.

Chapter

Chapter 20.

ARABELLA'S EMBARRASSMENT, AND THE BEGINNING OF A VOYAGE.

SOLITUDE is the nurſe of ſorrow, and therefore Arabella loved to be alone; her affection for her dear Henry every hour increaſed, in ſpite of the ſly remarks of Miſs Dawkins, and the artful inſinuations of Miles Matthews—ſhe was convinced that his heart was good; and though the cuſtards were all ſpoiled, yet ſhe was perſuaded that Lady Fairville was innocence itſelf. It is not poſſible to ſeparate ideas where there is prevarication,

rication, and diſorders accumulate in proportion to deſultory opinion. For this reaſon, when the ſtar of evening began its gradual courſe to the antipodes, ſhe ſauntered from her cottage in that frame of mind, which diſappointment naturally inculcates.

As ſhe was elegantly leaning with her forehead againſt a beech tree, in the vicinity of Mr. Paſley's park, ſhe obſerved a youth approach her of an intereſting countenance, and engaging mien. He was dreſſed in a light robe of green taffety, and a bonnet of yellow ſarſenet, and had in his hand a hop-pole, hung with bunches of grapes. He gazed at her with admiration and delight; then throwing

ing himſelf at her feet, implored that beneficence which ſo ſingularly marked her character. As ſhe looked at his large black eyes, a new and tender emotion took poſſeſſion of her ſoul, and for a moment ſhe forgot the ſuperiority of Henry. 'Ah! Madam,' ſaid the youth, 'if your condeſcenſion knew the agitation of my intellect, a feebler tone might ſuffice, but as it is, nature may paſs away, before this pulſe ſhall ceaſe to throb with love and adoration.'

She replied with a half ſmile, that was inexpreſſibly ſweet, 'Indeed, young gentleman, your behaviour entitles you to conſideration and reſpect; your whole conduct is unexceptionably

ceptionably correct; but my little cottage is the abode of peace. Removed from the idle occupations of ſplendid greatneſs, and the commercial buſtle of ſelf-intereſt, I there devote myſelf to contemplation and retirement. 'Ah me! I am the moſt diſconſolate of women.' Here a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to her relief, and the youth catching her in his arms, vowed eternal conſtancy, and affection without end.

He inſtantly mounted his horſe, which was a ſorrel nag of conſiderable value, and giving the view-hollow, diſappeared in an inſtant.

Margaret Grimes had been ſent to Amelia,

Amelia, who was juſt returned into the country, when the Biſhop received the cheeſes by the London Carrier, and conſequently ſhe had no time to enter into any diſcuſſion upon the matter. Henry, it is certain, had been twice hunting in that neighbourhood, and ſupped at Parſon Grigſby's, with Major Ellerby and ſome other officers, totally unconcerned as to the reſult of the Weſt-India expedition. At leaſt it appeared ſo by his conduct, for George Simms declared he had been thraſhing all day, and had not dined when the accident happened.

When Arabella heard theſe ſtrange circumſtances, ſhe was at a loſs what plan

plan to purſue; yet ſhe thought it would be the wiſeſt way, to pay a viſit to Lady Fairville, as if nothing had happened. Taking up her pen, therefore, as uſual, and bending her left knee to the ground, to give herſelf a greater ſpring, ſhe produced the following verſes.

On a dead Goldfinch.

Poor little bird that died one day,
As kings and other people may!
Ah! what would gentle Henry ſay
To find your life thus paſt away?

But Henry, O my pretty dear!
Is gone far off, and is not here.
Therefore does Arabella fear,
He is not overmuch ſincere.

When

When next the moon begins to riſe,
Again thou wilt not ope thine eyes,
And thus my faithleſs Henry flies,
And leaves me looking at the ſkies.

Begone then balmy zephyrs, go,
And let my cruel Henry know
That on this fruitful earth below,
No other man could uſe me ſo!

My Goldfinch died—how did he dare,
To leave me loſt in deep deſpair?
Then let each maiden, ſunk in care,
Of Lovers ſuch as mine, beware.

Having relieved her anxious mind by the above ſoft effuſion, Arabella wrote a long letter to the Counteſs, and offered to ſubmit the whole matter to arbitration; ſhe alſo re-

queſted the loan of her Ladyſhip's teleſcope, for the purpoſe, if poſſible, of ſhaming Henry out of his preſent purſuit; for ſhe well knew the impoſſibility he laboured under of collecting foſſils in that part of Lincolnſhire, and rather wiſhed to have it in his own hand writing, than through any other medium whatever.

Such was the ſituation of theſe two unfortunate lovers, and ſo ſure was ſhe of his fidelity, that no power on earth could have tempted her beyond the boundary of her garden, for the remainder of that week.

This precaution was however premature, for General Barton made a point

point of the whole party coming to the ball, and as Amelia had promiſed to introduce Don Pedro, who had but juſt arrived from Spain, ſo it was expected that Arabella would have ſent an expreſs to Henry, and earneſtly have requeſted him to try the effect of the Bath waters, if the pain in his ſide continued.

Henry obeyed the ſummons with the utmoſt alacrity, and the wind being fair, towards evening, the veſſel got out of the harbour. As the ſhore leſſened from his view, he offered up one ſigh to Love and Arabella, and then retired to his cabin in all the ſilent bitterneſs of anguiſh and diſmay.

Chapter 21.

A WISE LECTURE.

LUCINDA Howard now removed to the houſe of Mrs. Maltrever in Portman Square, was introduced into all the firſt company in London. Her engagements were endleſs, and what with dinners, aſſemblies, and public places, ſhe was almoſt harraſſed out of her life, and the conſtant attention and invariable purſuit of Sir Sidney Walker diſguſted her extremely. Mrs. Maltrever endeavoured to comfort her, and being a woman of ſuperior underſtanding and uncommon penetration, one morn-

ing, after they had been to Wandſworth, in Captain Harland's phaeton, took her into a private ſtudy, and thus with emotion addreſſed her. 'My dear and amiable Lucinda, it is impoſſible for a young woman entering life, whatever may be her connections, to avoid that ſort of petulance and incongruity, which is but too often the reſult of ill-placed ambition, and a deſire to diſtinguiſh herſelf in literary compoſition. Dreſs, for inſtance, is a natural propenſity, but if diſpenſed with too liberal a hand, degenerates by degrees into a ſpecious kind of contumely. I was once myſelf a giddy girl, and at the time Mr. Maltrever fell a victim to my charms, was perhaps

as

as fond of fields ſports, as any alderman amongſt them. I had been at Spa with Lady Green and her family, when I firſt entered upon the plan of life, which unfortunately was my chief inconvenience, for had I known the world well, I certainly ſhould not have built this houſe during my huſband's abſence, nor ſhould I have written thoſe works which have impreſſed the public with a ſenſe of impropriety which certainly does not belong to me. Here then lies the error of your conduct, and ſorry am I to ſay, Miſs Howard, in many inſtances of late, I have diſcovered a careleſſneſs in your outline that totally deſtroys the effect of crayon painting. For the principal

beauty of it consists in a certain harmony, and an attention to general agreement, as I fear I have frequently before been obliged to observe to you.

'Now Sir Sydney Walker it must be owned, has a fine estate, and in point of family, is unexceptionable; but you know, Lucinda, that he is not in parliament, and that he goes into the North every other year to pass several weeks with Lady Fairville. On this, therefore, I shall make no comment, but you, my dear, are the best judge, how far you could be happy with a man, who has, perhaps, the finest collection of pictures in Europe, and who went to Copenhagen,

hagen, to ſettle the herring fiſhery on a more permanent eſtabliſhment. It is irkſome, it is painful to me, to ſpeak to you in this manner, becauſe I know the goodneſs of your heart, and I am ſure for my own part, I am only actuated by the intereſt I take in what concerns you, for I made no objection to their cutting down Hadleigh Grove, nor did I wiſh you to go to America, even at the time when your poor father was ſuch a martyr to the gout. You will, therefore, no doubt, do juſtice to my pretenſions, and in ſome degree, relieve me from that corroding anxiety, which has too long and too ſeverely preyed upon my health. A love of pleaſure is the bane of the youthful mind, and a too

great earneſtneſs in worldly matters, gives a tone of reſtleſſneſs to moſt people, which, in their latter days, they cannot readily diſcuſs with any ſort of coolneſs, or diſeſteem.

"Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in our ſchools."

'As the poet ſays, lies all the difference between immorality and that fatal chaſm in human affairs, which tends to overcharge the brain, and diſſeminate erroneous opinions.—Then do not, my dear girl, miſtake my motives; my only wiſh in life is to ſee you well eſtabliſhed on a permanent foundation, that may defy the biteing blaſts of calumny, and

avoid

avoid by its efficacy the abſurdities of ſociety in general. In the country, it is true, we eſcape thoſe ſcenes of folly, which diſſocate the capital, but there alſo we are ſubject to the ill effects of climate, and the frequent variations which the beſt of us cannot reſiſt or ſubdue. In the intercourſe with the gay and diſſipated, the moral obligations ſubſide, and reaſon triumphantly prevails over the wild extravagancies, which pervert the general well-being of the human race. I have now done with reproach, I am confident, my beloved Lucinda ſees her own conduct in its true point of view, and will not enter into any engagements, that, originating in impropriety, can only tend

to tarniſh the pure luſtre of virtue, and to occaſion that ſpecies of regret, which is irreſiſtible in the extreme.'

Here the old lady pauſed, and with much ſeeming contrition, wiped away the falling tears, that copiouſly bedewed her aged cheeks, while Lucinda expreſſed her gratitude in the warmeſt terms of acknowledgement, and, actuated by the moſt graceful impulſe, ſpontaneouſly drank her health in a bumper of Tokay, which had been ſent as a preſent to Mrs. Maltrever, by a celebrated merchant of Hamburgh, who, during the whole war, had ſupplied the Britiſh navy, with indigo, cocoa nuts, and cochineal.

The door of the room now burſt open with a ſudden jerk, and Arabella Bloomville, with a haggard countenance and diſhevelled hair, ruſhed in, and a moment after, fell lifeleſs upon the carpet. By the care and attention of Mrs. Maltrever and Lucinda, ſhe was ſoon reſtored to ſome appearance of ſenſation, and was carried to bed by the butler, who ſeemed tenderly to intereſt himſelf in her recovery. In conſequence of this awful event, the party was put off, the mantua-maker was diſmiſſed, five phyſicians were called in to her relief, and the lap-dog was locked up in the pantry.

Chapter

Chapter 22.

A DUEL.

AT ſix o'clock in the morning, Don Pedro with the Chevalier de Berlingier, repaired to Kenſington Gravel Pits, according to appointment, where they were ſoon joined by Lord Mahogany and Sir Paul Danbury. The ground being meaſured, which was ſixteen paces, Lord Mahogany aſked Sir Paul if the Oxford coach was gone by; this diſconcerted Don Pedro, who fired his piſtol in the air, and the Chevalier leaping over the ditch, ſeized the bull by the horns. Lord Mahogany had climbed

climbed up a tree in the utmoſt conſternation, but ſeeing the milk-woman drop upon her knees to Sir Paul, he took a pinch of ſnuff, and returned to the attack. He, therefore, with cool reſolution and determined rage, pointed his piſtol at his antagoniſt; but the pheaſant flew away at the report of the piece, and the link-boy throwing a ſquib into his Lordſhip's right eye, put him off his bias, of which Don Pedro inſtantly took advantage; for pulling out his memorandum book, he wrote down every particular with undeniable preciſion. As Lord Mahogany declared he was by no means ſatisfied, the ſeconds interpoſed, and begged Don Pedro to conſider that

ſuch

ſuch a diſplay of horſemanſhip at this time, was totally unneceſſary. In conſequence of freſh difficulties ariſing, Don Pedro fired, and the pigeon fell; which convinced Lord Mahogany of his miſtake, and induced him ſo far to apologize, as to ſay, 'That he thought Amelia's hair of the moſt beautiful color, and that he would have ſaid the ſame in Spain, or any other part of Europe. That as for any evil intention, he diſclaimed it; he acknowledged, indeed, that he had ſpoken highly of Amelia's perſonal accompliſhments, but that he actually had not propoſed the party of pleaſure on the water, and that if Don Pedro thought he had, he was extremely ſorry for it. The

Chevalier

Chevalier objected to this part of the propoſal; in conſequence of which, they again renewed the combat. Don Pedro's piſtols were Spaniſh, and Lord Mahogany had a pair of Wogden's, which having the air of an advantage on his part, he offered to bet a thouſand pounds, that Sir Paul Danbury had not been preſent at the dinner. Don Pedro now caſt a look of ineffable contempt on his Lordſhip, and artfully inſinuated that the Liſbon Mail had been loſt the preceding week; but this Lord Mahogany totally denied; ſo that as the matter was not likely to be otherwiſe accommodated, they fired a third round. Lord Mahogany having on a large cocked hat, his adverſary's ball

ball paſſed innocently by; but Don Pedro was not ſo fortunate, for his Lordſhip's ſhot ſtruck an oak tree within twenty yards of him, thence glanced into a horſe pond, and killed an old woman's pig, that was aſleep in its ſtye.

The combatants became more furious than ever, at this juncture, their eyes flaſhed hatred and deſtruction, and Lord Mahogany with a firm tone demanded, whether Don Pedro really ſuppoſed him capable of libelling an Archbiſhop, who had never been guilty of one good action in the whole courſe of his life. This queſtion was ill timed, for Don Pedro, foaming with fury, entreated

the

the Chevalier to attend particularly to this laſt denunciation. Again therefore, with wonderful accuracy, Don Pedro diſcharged his piſtol, and Lord Mahogany bounding three feet from the ground, pitched perpendicularly upon his toe, and ſpun round for ſome time like the flyer of a jack, then putting the little finger of his left hand into his ear, and with the other hand gracefully taking off his hat, he vociferouſly called out 'God ſave the king.' This immediately ſoftened the ſanguinary temper of Don Pedro, who was the moſt loyal grandee in Spain, he flung himſelf into the arms of Lord Mahogany, and declaring that the diſpute was

now

now perfectly accommodated, begged that they might exchange neckcloths.

Sir Paul Danbury and the Chevalier Berlingier, waited with extreme earneſtneſs for his lordſhip's reply, who drawing his ſword, inſtantly preſented it with the moſt engaging politeneſs to a barber's wife, who was opening oyſters for a Scotch pedlar at the corner of the meadow.

The whole affair being thus amicably adjuſted, they all entered the boat together, which glided rapidly down the ſtream towards the place of their deſtination, where the lovely and agonizing Amelia expected them,

with

with doubt and trepidation. In their progreſs Don Pedro ſaw a bird ſwimming upon the ſurface of the water, and aſked Lord Mahogany to inform him of its Engliſh appellation. His Lordſhip anſwered him with wonderful readineſs, by the following extemporary enigma:

The fourth letter of the alphabet,
What every body is often called,
A ſimple ſound expreſſive of the ocean,
And the beginning of all Kings.

Thus this tremendous day, the dawn of which was ſo overcaſt, the morning of which loured ſo much, and came on heavily with clouds, was

now

now changed to ſoft ſerenity, mild tranquility, ſober peace, meek harmony, and concluded with general ſatisfaction.

Chapter

Chapter 23.

THE DANGERS OF A MASQUERADE.

THE ladies were all in high preparation for the enſuing maſquerade, Mrs. Maltrever who had viſited in her early days the coaſt of Malabar, fixed upon the dreſs of a peaſant of the Alps, as moſt ſuitable to her ſituation in life. Lucinda choſe to aſſume the character of Queen Elizabeth, Margaret Grimes was diſguiſed as Cardinal Wolſey, and the celeſtial Arabella, like a ſimple dairy-maid, in white ſattin, with a little black feather, perking over her left ear,

'Appear'd like an angel, new drop'd from the ſkies.'

General Barton went as an old cloaths man, Sir Sydney Walker as a pair of nutcrackers, and Captain Harland as a blackſmith. When they arrived at the Theatre in the Haymarket, the gayety of the lights, the proportions of that elegant building, and the ſplendor of the ſurrounding company delighted them beyond meaſure. Arabella felt an unuſual flow of ſpirits, and Lucinda whiſpered a blue domino with particular emotion. The devil now ſeized Arabella by the hand, and ſtanding upon his head drank up a whole bottle of champagne without flinching. This occaſioned

occaſioned great merriment on both ſides, and Sir Sydney being quite intoxicated, added a freſh ſtimulus to her vivacity. Sterne's melancholy Maria, dreſſed in ſtraw, now advanced with a crowd of admirers in her train; then toſſing her head at ſight of Arabella ſhe ſaid, 'well to be ſure, I dare to ſay this *here creter* thinks herſelf the *biggeſt* beauty in the place.' Arabella no ſooner heard this rude attack of the lovely maniac, than ſhe ſwooned away, which threw three gentlemen into fits, and ſhattered the great luſtre that was ſuſpended from the dome. This was indeed a chance, but the pathetic Maria paid little attention to the alarming confuſion ſhe had occaſioned.

On the contrary, ſhe took her guitar and ſung the following mournful elegy with ſuch invincible pathos, that Lord Mahogany himſelf, who was there in the character of a mile-ſtone, burſt into tears:

Elegy.

Where ſlow meand'ring thro' the verdant plain,
Yon rill with murm'ring melancholy flows,
Contiguous to the ſpot where, hapleſs ſwain!
Young William's ſtraw-clad cottage once aroſe.

Loſt in incomprehenſibility
Of thoſe dire pangs which rent his tortured breaſt,
When on his death-bed laid with many a ſigh,
His ſoul departed, leaving me unbleſt,

I gaily

I gaily haſten'd to the well-known ſpot,
Where I had oft partaken curds and tart,
Untir'd by repetition, 'twas my lot,
To ſhare the dainties of his dairy's art.

The ſlipp'ry butter which in daily courſe,
Was by his pretty ſiſter Mary made,
Ah happy days, but now diſtreſs, remorſe,
In ſad perfection my torn thoughts invade.

For gone alas! are this once bliſsful pair,
And anguiſh only now remains for me;
He left a monkey, that my griefs ſhall ſhare,
And mourn the ſeaſon I no more ſhall ſee.

This beautiful effuſion was received with unbounded plaudits, when Mrs. Maltrever ſcreamed out 'O heavens! ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone,' at which a ſailor exclaim'd 'yes, damme

ſhe's off.' This occaſioned a violent burſt of laughter, while Mrs. Maltrever and Lucinda fell into the orcheſtra, and unfortunately broke Signor Corvino's capital violoncello.

When the ladies got home, the horror of the ſcene is not to be deſcribed, the ſervants were diſpatched to Pimlico and Bear-key, Mrs. Maltrever's own woman went to Billingſgate, but all in vain, no tidings of the celeſtial fugitive could in any manner be procured. Towards noon a lad of about eighteen, who was a brickmaker in the environs of London came to Mrs. Maltrever's houſe, and informed her, that being at work about five o'clock in the morning, he

he ſaw a chaiſe and four drive by, in which were two old ladies and a child. 'That being the caſe, my lady!' ſaid he, 'I looked after them a good bit, and ſaw a *gelman* ride paſt on a grey mare, and in a brown coat, ſo ſaid I to Bet, I'll be a *bob-ſtock* of ale, if you have a mind, ſo ſhe ſaid, ſays ſhe, with all my *gizzard*, now we had not been at the ſow and harrow above ten minutes, before a livery ſervant came in for a pint of twopenny, *whereby* ſays I where are you going ſir? Now he was a black looking man to be ſure, and ſays he, we have loſt our Miſs from Mol Traver's in Portman Square, and whoever can give *count* of her ſhall have ten *quids*. Now my lady, I

does believe, ſhe was in the *chay* with a great ſquire that I ſeed an hour afterwards, for ſhe was deſperate pretty and ſcreamed out mainly, ſo I hopes you'll give me the bounty for my *dickſcovery*.' The whole company were ſo entertained by the lad's naiveté, that they preſented him with a ſhilling, and all agreeing that he poſſeſſed infinite humour, adviſed him, if poſſible to get into the church; Lucinda ſmiled inwardly at the comicality of the idea, and vowing eternal enmity to all maſquerades, took her diamond ring from her finger, and wiſhing Arabella all poſſible ſucceſs, danced a Scotch reel with Lord Mongomery to the admiration of all the ſpectators.

'Now

'Now purſuing, now retreating,
'Now in airy circles meet,
'To briſk notes in cadence beating,
'Glance their many twinkling feet.'

Chapter 24.

A TERRIBLE LOSS, AND A PROJECTED JOURNEY.

WILHELMINA Counteſs of Fairville was the deſcendant of an ancient and honourable houſe in North Wales. Her father, the Marquis of Muſhroom, inherited all thoſe brave qualities and ſtern virtues, which had ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed his anceſtor's breed of ſheep, from the cows of Spain, or the heavy beaſts of the low countries. Early in life he loſt a wife whom he tenderly loved, and he ſeemed to derive his ſole conſolation from playing

at leap-frog with the children ſhe had left behind. His ſon whom he had brought up to the arms himſelf ſo honourably bore, fell out of a back garret before he reached his nineteenth year; an elder daughter died of the whooping cough in her infancy. Wilhelmina, who had recovered from the meaſles, was his ſole ſurviving child. His caſtle was ſituated in one of thoſe delightful vallies in Wales, in which the beautiful and the ſublime are ſo happily united; where the magnificent features of the ſcenery are contraſted, and their effect heightened by the blooming luxuriance of woods and paſturage, by the gentle windings of the ſtream, and the ruinous aſpect of the falling cottages.

The Marquis was now retired from the ſervice, grey age having overtaken him one day in an expedition to the Weſt Indies. His reſidence was the reſort of all foreigners of diſtinction, who had fled from their own country to eſcape the horrors of liberty, and who, attracted by the united talents of the ſoldier, the philoſopher, and the cook, under his hoſpitable roof, enjoyed good beef and pudding, eels, mutton cutlets, Iriſh ſtew, and pigeon pie, beſides ſtrong beer, vegetables and paſtry.

Among the viſitors of this deſcription, was the late Earl of Fairville, who was then on his travels through Wales, very much pitted with the ſmall-pox.

ſmall-pox. The beauty of Wilhelmina, whoſe hair was rather ſandy, embelliſhed by a mind, highly and elegantly cultivated, touched his heart, as it were with the tip of an eagle's feather, and he inſtantly ſolicited her hand and glove in marriage.

The manly ſenſe of the Earl, who was allowed to be the beſt ſhot in the county, and the excellencies of his diſpoſition, had not paſſed unobſerved, or unapproved by the Marquis or his ſteward, while the graces of his perſon, and of his mind, had anticipated for him in the heart of Wilhelmina, a pre-eminence over every church dignitary that ſhe knew.

The

The Marquis of Muſhroom had but one objection to the marriage, which was his hatred of leeks in general, and this was likewiſe the objection of Louiſa, who had an equal averſion from potatoes, neither the one nor the other could endure the idea of a mode of nouriſhment which would be ſo diſagreeable to them.

Wilhelmina was to the Marquis the laſt prop of his declining age. The Marquis was to Wilhelmina the father, the doctor, and the friend, to whom her heart had hitherto been ſolely devoted, and from whom it could not now be torn, but in a multiplied ratio of the unknown quantity.

This remained an inſurmountable obſtacle till it was removed with the garden wall by the tenderneſs of the Earl, who entreated the Marquis to quit North Wales, and reſide with his daughter in Berkſhire. The attachment of the Marquis to his natal land, and the pride of hereditary conſequence, were too powerful to ſuffer him to acquieſce in the propoſal, without a violent diſorder in his bowels, and ſome appearance of the ague.

The deſire of ſecuring the drawings of his child, by a union with ſuch a character as the Earl's, and of ſeeing her eſtabliſhed in all her conjugal rights, before death ſhould de-

prive

prive her of the inveſtigation of a father, at length ſubdued him to the loweſt pitch of deſpondency, and he reſigned the hand and ſeal of his daughter to the rapturous avidity of the amorous Earl.

The Marquis adjuſted his affairs, and aſſigning his eſtates to the care of ſome old ruſty agents, bade a laſt adieu to the landed intereſt, which, during ſixty years, had been the principal object of his happineſs, and of his regrets. The courſe of years had not obliterated from his heart the early affections of his youth: he took a hop-ſtep-and-jump over that grave, which encloſed the reliques of his wife, from which it was not his leaſt effort

effort to depart, and whither he ordered all letters and parcels to be conveyed.

Wilhelmina quitted Wales, with a pain in her head, ſcarcely leſs acute than that of her father; the poignancy of which, however, was greatly ſoftened down, by the tender aſſiduities of her lord and maſter, whoſe affectionate attentions hourly heightened her expectations, and encreaſed her love for the handſomeſt, moſt induſtrious, and beſt of men.

They arrived in Berkſhire without any accident, where the Earl welcomed Wilhelmina, as the miſtreſs of his

his domains, and immediately preſented her with this delightful

Sonnet.

O Wilhelmina! 'tis with double joy,
I ſee thee here, both as my friend and wife,
My future hours, my dear! I will employ,
To make thee bleſt, I will upon my life.

Ah! ſhould'ſt thou nine months hence, produce a boy;
To ſing the cherub, I'd reſume my fife,
For then my happineſs could never cloy,
And then I'd bid adieu to war and ſtrife.

The Marquis, too, ſhould liſten to my ſong,
Thy worthy father, and the beſt of men!
While beef and beer ſhould cheer the peaſant throng.
But I will now a moment drop my pen,
And wait the time, for which I ſo much long,
When, without fail, I'll take it up agen.

The

The Marquis of Muſhroom had apartments in the caſtle, and a magic lantern to amuſe him when out of ſpirits, and there the evening of his days declined in a very decent ſort of happineſs.

Before his death, he had the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing his race renovated in a child of the Counteſs, a daughter, who was a little ricketty or ſo, but of a clear complexion, and rather plump.

On the deceaſe of the Marquis, it was neceſſary for the Earl to viſit North Wales, in order to take poſſeſſion of his eſtates, which, from neglect, had a good deal run to ſeed,

and

and which, owing to his long abſence, in many places, wanted new paleing.

He, with all his pointers, two churchwardens, and a bookſeller, attended the remains of the Marquis to their laſt abode.

The Counteſs, deſirous of once more beholding her young ducks and the old pigeon houſe, as well as anxious to pay her compliments to the memory of her Papa, entruſted her child to the care of the gamekeeper, who had made her caps in her early childhood, and had accompanied the Marquis to Whitechapel on a Sunday.

Having

Having depoſited the remains of the Marquis in the coal-hole, according to his wiſh, and had their hair cut, they returned to Berkſhire, where the firſt intelligence they received on their arrival at the veſtry, was of the death of their daughter, and of the old game-keeper, her attendant. The poor fellow had died of the mumps, ſoon after their departure, the child only a fortnight before their return.

This diſaſtrous event gave the Counteſs a violent creak in her neck, and afflicted the diſconſolate Earl with a white ſwelling on his knee, and they never ceaſed to ridicule each other, for having entruſted their infant to a game-keeper. Time, however,

ever, ſubdued the poignancy of the cholic, but came fraught with another evil, more acute; this was the death of the Earl, who, in the pride of youth, with ſeventeen pipes of old port in his cellar, and conſtituting the felicity of his family, died, as he was dancing a hornpipe. He left the Counteſs to bewail his loſs, and to wear ſpectacles, if ever ſhe ſhould attempt to read by candle light.

As ſoon as the Counteſs was arrayed in her becoming weeds; the firſt thought that darted acroſs her imagination, was her much valued Lucinda Howard, to whom ſhe immediately ſent a moſt impreſſive letter, earneſtly requeſting her company,

on

on a journey to Naples, which ſhe meant inſtantaneouſly to undertake. Meanwhile, as ſhe wiſhed for nothing more ardently, than a fair wind to waft them acroſs the Channel, ſhe occupied herſelf in penning the following ſublime and incomparable ode to Eolus, which for novelty of expreſſion, harmony of verſification, plenitude of idea, and dignity of ſentiment, is not to be equalled in the Engliſh language:

Ode to Eolus.*

O Thou! to whom great Jove † aſſign'd
The empire of each ſtubborn wind

* The God of the Winds, according to the accounts given by Heathen poets.

† A Pagan Deity, and the firſt of all the Gods,

And

And bade them own thy ſway;
'Tis thou who giv'ſt them leave to rage,
Thy voice their fury can aſſuage,
And check their headlong way.

When Juno, ‡ Heaven's imperial Dame,
A ſuppliant at thy feet became,
Thou didſt admit her pray'r;
For her the ſurges laſh'd the ſhore,
For her thou bad'ſt the tempeſt roar
Wide thro' the troubled air.

But now a nymph whoſe matchleſs mien
Surpaſſes that of Jove's proud queen
Is venturing on the deep;
O then each adverſe wind reſtrain,
Let favouring zephyrs ſkim the main,
And huſh the ſtorms to ſleep!

Love at the helm ſhall take his ſtand,
And guide the bark with ſkillful hand

‡ A Pagan Deity, wife and ſiſter to Jupiter.

Along the watry way,
The ceſtus which adorn'd her waiſt,
By Venus § on the topmaſt plac'd,
Shall like a pendant play.

Their green locks dripping briny dew,
The Nereids ‖ riſing to the view,
Shall each gay art employ,
And Ocean, † conſcious of his freight,
Proud to ſubſide beneath her weight, ¶
Soft murmuring tell his joy!

The beautiful Counteſs Dowager had ſtrained her leſt leg ſo much in the compoſition of the above harmo-

§ The Goddeſs of Beauty, and wife of Vulcan, who uſed to wear a ceſtus.

‖ Pagan mermaids, who lived in the ſalt ſea.

† Alias Neptune, who is always proud on ſuch occaſions, being King of the ſea.

¶ She was very bulky woman

nious

nious and affecting ode, that she ate a plate of prawns, drank a pot of porter, and retired to bed, agitated in the extreme.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.